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Mail

By REPRESENTATIVE SAMUEL B. PETTENGILL OF INDIANA—

Proof sheet quotes me incorrectly. I oppose naming six new judges.

Washington, D. C.

Statement made by Representative Pettengill on Saturday, February 6, and taken down verbatim and in identic form by correspondents of THE LITERARY DIGEST, the New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune*: "It seems to me that there is very little in the message to which reasonable objection can be made. It is so far different from some of the wildcat proposals now being agitated that his message comes as a genuine relief."

Excerpt published in THE LITERARY DIGEST of February 13: ". . . very little . . . to which reasonable objection can be made."

Perhaps the gentleman from Indiana changed his mind.—*Editor.*

Socialized Medicine

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN, Editor, Journal of The American Medical Association—

Our attention has been called to numerous errors which appear in the article on Socialized Medicine in THE LITERARY DIGEST of January 30.

For instance: "Fifty per cent. of the physicians in active practise could have cared for all patients who received medical attention last year." This statement would be true if

(Continued on page 39)

With the Speed of Light

BECAUSE Elias Howe could not tell enough people, quickly, about the benefits of his invention, the women of a whole generation were deprived of the sewing machine, and wearily continued their toil with thread and needle.

Today, with the speed of light, the story of new methods and new products is carried to a million homes. The time between invention and utilization is shortened amazingly.

Sometimes we say it with music—as in THE HOUR OF CHARM, which presents, at four o'clock every Monday afternoon, the unusual entertainment of Phil Spitalny's ALL-GIRL SINGING ORCHESTRA. We also tell how electric servants for the home can bring benefits not attainable in any other way.

Increased demand and new and better designs and manufacturing methods have both lowered costs and improved quality. More and better products, selling at lower prices, have been placed within the reach of more people. This means less drudgery in an increasing number of homes—more freedom, a richer chance for life.

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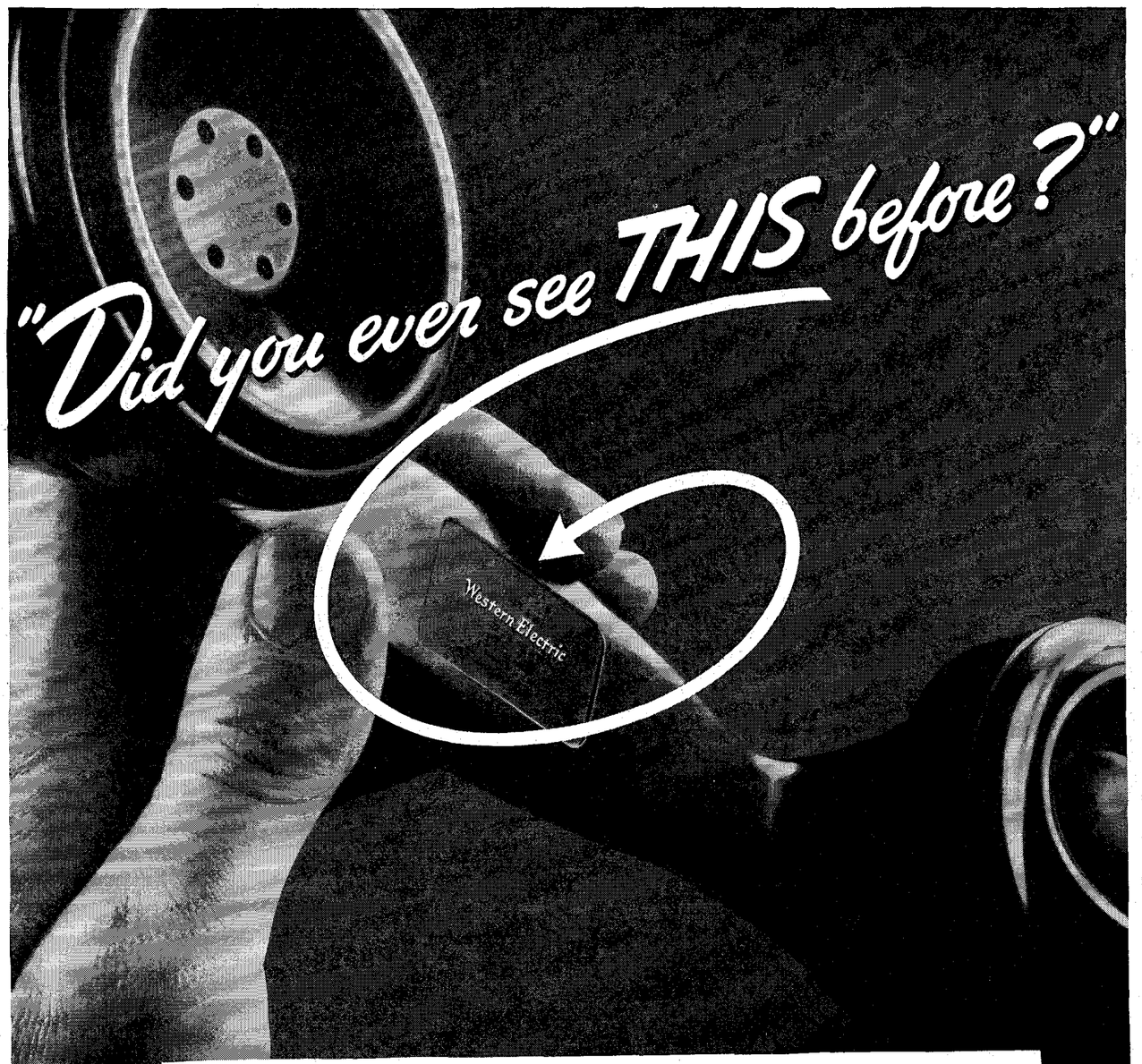

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK FEBRUARY 27, 1937

Topics of the day

SENATORS HOLD FATE OF COURT PLAN

Nation Waits for 96 to Make Up Minds on Roosevelt Move

What will the Senate do?

The Nation had a chance last week to watch ninety-six Senators making up their minds—or having them made up for them.

The issue at hand was the Supreme Court. Will it be expanded? Should there be a Constitutional Amendment to limit its powers?

As for the President's plan to enlarge the Court, the "fors" and "againsts" seemed evenly divided most of the week. The ultimate decision appeared to rest with the fence-sitters. One disgruntled Democrat said that these silent members "sneezed every time the President took snuff."

Little enough time to sneeze they had, bombarded as they were with letters, telegrams—even telephone calls—from home.

Meanwhile, the President's friends were not idle. Attorney General Cummings broadcast a defense of the Roosevelt ideas, as did Senator La Follette. Senators McKellar, Byrnes, Minton, Ashurst and Robinson concurred. Labor's Non-Partizan League, the C.I.O. (through John L. Lewis) and the American Federation of Labor were other supporters. The President's speech on crop insurance was said to have brought farm support to his side, tho a poll of four Midwest States showed 60 per cent. opposed to enlarging the court.

Alternatives—Opposition came principally from Senators Wheeler, Glass, Borah, Johnson and Copeland, who joined the antis over the week-end. Four alternative proposals were suggested; indications from the White House were that President Roosevelt would have none of them.

Neither side seemed in any great hurry to press the matter until the nation's sentiment had been gaged. Vice President Garner and Senators Robinson, Ashurst, Harrison, Barkley, Black and Byrnes were summoned to the White House for strategic conferences. Following them, Progressives La Follette, Schwellenbach, Frazier, Nye and Bone interviewed the President by request.

Washington correspondents admitted they had been outfoxed by President Roosevelt in the initial announcement about the Supreme Court. Hence they were wary about predictions.

No one knows what the nine judges think of all the discussion. They are "in chambers" now, will not emerge until March 1. The next seven days may show whether they will emerge in an aura of zero atmosphere or be accepted with thankful hearts.

Leading American clergymen were divided in their views:

Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Methodist Episcopal, New York—"The President's move is in the right direction. I think it would be better to provide for possibility of veto of the Court's decision by two-thirds vote of Congress, after a suitable interval. But the provision for younger men on the Court is altogether sound. No matter how alert may be the mind of a judge who is over seventy, or how sound his body, his judgment is the outcome of past experience. If that past reaches back too far, we have from the judge chiefly the voice of the past."

Bishop Ralph S. Cushman, Methodist Episcopal, Denver—"Doubtless the President has done the country a real service in bringing attention to the need of doing something to rejuvenate our Supreme Court. . . . However, Mr. Roosevelt's recommendations are such as to make sober-minded citizens suspicious of his motives. It is to be hoped that the President's economic idealism may be realized in practical measures, without crucifying men who rendered distinguished service and without undermining the influence of that branch of our Government which, more than any other, safeguards this Nation from the fascist tendencies which are everywhere threatening democracy."

Bishop Charles W. Flint, Methodist Episcopal, Atlanta—"If some modification of this fundamental of our Government is due, it is in my humble judgment more worthy of the directness and deliberateness and dignity of a constitutional amendment than of a cunningly devised legislative expedient which smacks somewhat of circumvention."

Bishop Clinton S. Quin, Protestant Episcopal, Dallas—"I believe in automatic retirement at the age of seventy in State as well as in church. . . ."

Bishop James E. Freeman, Protestant Episcopal, Washington—"I am definitely opposed to the proposed change in the number and personnel of our highest Court."

Bishop H. A. Boaz, Methodist Episcopal, South, Fort Worth—". . . If the people of America desire a change in the Constitution, the way is open for such change. Let the people rule and the Constitution be faithfully observed."

Bishop Edward L. Parson, Protestant Episcopal, San Francisco—". . . If any packing of the Court were attempted, which, in my judgment, is quite out of the question, the Senate could defeat it. The fear of dictatorship is entirely groundless. Neither the Nation nor its liberties is in danger."

Bishop H. Lester Smith, Methodist Episcopal, Cincinnati—". . . Any such concentration of power in the hands of the Executive is contrary to American traditions and threatens the continuance of democratic government."

The Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, Roman

SENATE LINE-UP

The avowed, indicated and probable attitudes of Senators on the President's plan to enlarge the Supreme Court stood as follows over the week-end:

For the Increase—32

Ashurst (D.), Ariz.	Harrison (D.), Miss.	Pepper (D.), Fla.
Barkley (D.), Ky.	Hayden (D.), Ariz.	Pittman (D.), Nev.
Bilbo (D.), Miss.	Hitchcock (D.), S.D.	Pope (D.), Idaho
Black (D.), Ala.	La Follette (P.), Wis.	Reynolds (D.), N.C.
Bulkley (D.), Ohio	Lee (D.), Okla.	Robinson (D.), Ark.
Bulow (D.), S.D.	Lewis (D.), Ill.	Schwartz (D.), Wyo.
Byrnes (D.), S.C.	Lundeen (F.-L.), Minn.	Schwellenbach (D.), Wash.
Caraway (D.), Ark.	McAdoo (D.), Calif.	Sheppard (D.), Tex.
Ellender (D.), La.	McKellar (D.), Tenn.	Thomas (D.), Okla.
Green (D.), R.I.	Minton (D.), Ind.	Thomas (D.), Utah
Guffey (D.), Pa.	Neely (D.), W.Va.	

Leaning Toward the Increase—7

Brown (D.), N.H.	Hughes (D.), Del.	O'Mahoney (D.), Wyo.
Chavez (D.), N.M.	McCarran (D.), Nev.	Truman (D.), Mo.
	Norris (Ind.), Neb.	

Against the Increase—33

Adams (D.), Col.	Davis (R.), Pa.	King (D.), Utah
Austin (R.), Vt.	Donahey (D.), Ohio	Lodge (R.), Mass.
Bailey (D.), N.C.	Frazier (R.), N.D.	McNary (R.), Ore.
Borah (R.), Idaho	George (D.), Ga.	Moore (D.), N.J.
Bridges (R.), N.H.	Gerry (D.), R.I.	Smith (D.), S.C.
Burke (D.), Neb.	Gibson (R.), Vt.	Steiwer (R.), Ore.
Byrd (D.), Va.	Gillette (D.), Iowa	Townsend (R.), Del.
Capper (R.), Kan.	Glass (D.), Va.	Vandenberg (R.), Mich.
Clark (D.), Mo.	Hale (R.), Me.	Van Nuys (D.), Ind.
Connally (D.), Tex.	Holt (D.), W.Va.	Wheeler (D.), Mont.
Copeland (D.), N.Y.	Johnson (R.), Calif.	White (R.), Me.

Leaning in Opposition to the Increase—5

Brown (D.), Mich.	Maloney (D.), Conn.	Walsh (D.), Mass.
Lonergan (D.), Conn.	Tydings (D.), Md.	

Non-Committal—19

Andrews (D.), Fla.	Hatch (D.), N.M.	Overton (D.), La.
Bachman (D.), Tenn.	Herring (D.), Iowa	Radcliffe (D.), Md.
Bankhead (D.), Ala.	Johnson (D.), Col.	Russell (D.), Ga.
Bone (D.), Wash.	Logan (D.), Ky.	Shipstead (F.-L.), Minn.
Dieterich (D.), Ill.	McGill (D.), Kan.	Smathers (D.), N.J.
Duffy (D.), Wis.	Murray (D.), Mont.	Wagner (D.), N.Y.
	Nye (R.), N.D.	

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Catholic, Detroit—"The Supreme Court is an issue between dictatorship and democracy. The issue is clear. Mr. Roosevelt has decided to make a 'yes-men's' club of the Supreme Court so that the highest tribunal in our land will make square pegs fit in round holes at the bidding of a master."

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., Methodist Episcopal, South—"Why did he not announce before the election that he planned to emasculate the Constitution by such indirection?"

John Haynes Holmes, Non-Denominational, New York—"When the President gets through fixing the Supreme Court, he'll probably get around to tackling some of our domestic problems such as the uniform divorce law."

The labor press and labor leaders stood with the President:

Kansas City Labor News—"Charges that Roosevelt will pack the courts are absurd. The Supreme Court has been nothing but packed since its creation, and his judiciary reform program will unpack a Court loaded by appointments of years ago which have put us back forty years. His program is a masterpiece of sound logic."

Max Zaritsky, President of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers' International Union—"Justice Hughes had said that the Constitution is what the Judges say it is. It is therefore doubly important that the Judges interpret the Constitution in the light of the Nation's needs. Court reform is indispensable. The question is, shall it be by amendment or by the President's method? The enemies of the Child Labor Amendment have demonstrated that the amendment method is doomed to failure."

Labor, Washington — "Great Britain packed the House of Lords on several occasions when that body failed to heed the voice of the people, and finally so limited its veto power that a few stubborn old men can no longer prevent the enactment of needed political and social legislation."

Utah Labor News — "The reactionary daily press, with the cooperation of lawyers and fossilized Congressmen, are about the only sources opposing the proposal of President Roosevelt to modernize the Federal Court."

Philip Murray, Vice-President of the United Mine Workers of America—"Labor believes the Supreme Court should be revised and brought into harmony with the expressed will of the people."

Homer Martin, President of the United Automobile Workers of America—"The Supreme Court has usurped the powers of the Congress. . . . The objectives of the President's proposal are worthy and necessary, and are in keeping with the maintenance of democracy and the welfare of the people."

Detroit Labor News—"President Roosevelt's proposal to modernize the Supreme Court is absolutely essential if the victory of the common people which resulted in his election is to mean anything to them."

Thomas Kennedy, Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania and Secretary-Treasurer of the United Mine Workers—"I favor enactment into law by Congress of the President's recommendations respecting the Federal Judiciary."

Labor Record, Philadelphia—"Whatever economic gains the Nation has made in the past four years are seriously endangered by lack of regulatory legislation. We must secure at this session of Congress laws prescribing minimum wages and maximum hours of work. All of us have our pet ideas as to what constitutional remedies should be enacted finally to clarify the present confused and untenable legal situation. But this is not the time to trot out these hobbies; we need action now."

Labor News, Worcester, Massachusetts—"There isn't an iota of doubt but what a great majority of people who voted for President Roosevelt at the November election did so in the hope that . . . he would advocate the revamping of the United States Supreme Court. . . . That the President feels duty-bound to carry out the will of the people in the last election is certain."

Farm leaders and spokesmen showed no such unanimity:

W. I. Drummond of the American Farm Congress—"The purpose in seeking to enlarge the Supreme Court so precipitately is clear. To do so would place autocratic power in the Executive Branch and change our form of government without consent of the people. Only a supine Congress would do such a thing."

Arthur H. Jenkins, Editor of the *Farm Journal*—"As I see the President's Supreme Court proposals, our self-styled quarterback, having been penalized six or

"... SOUND ... NOT REVOLUTIONARY"—

The following statement was especially prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST *by the Hon. James F. Byrnes, Senator from South Carolina:*

The President recommends to Congress reorganization of all the Federal courts. That reorganization is to be effected by giving to every Federal Judge over seventy the right to retire on full pay for life, and where a Judge over seventy refuses to retire, by appointing a younger Judge to assist in doing the work of the Court. I am in favor of the proposal.

The principle of compulsory retirement at seventy is sound. Great corporations such as United States Steel and the Pennsylvania Railroad require retirement of executives at seventy. Officers of the Army and Navy must retire at sixty-four. Government employees must retire at seventy.

The President's proposal would apply to Judges of the Circuit Courts of Appeal. No one has criticized that application of the proposal. Objection is raised only when the rule is applied to the Supreme Court. While it is important that we have only the best qualified Judges for all Courts, it is particularly essential as to the Supreme Court, from which there is no appeal.

The only reason urged why Justices of the Supreme Court should be treated differently from other Judges . . . is that Justice Holmes at ninety was a great Judge and Justice Brandeis at eighty renders brilliant service. Chief Justice Taft, who was in position to know the great services of these Justices, nevertheless stated:

"In the public interest, therefore, it is better that we lose the services of the exceptions who are good Judges after they are seventy and avoid the presence on the bench of men who are not able to keep up with the work, or to perform it satisfactorily."

Chief Justice Hughes urged that all Supreme Court Justices be compelled to retire at seventy-five. When Justices Taft and Hughes advocated compulsory retirement, they were praised. When President Roosevelt suggests the plan to accomplish the same purpose, he is denounced.

Five Justices are now, or will soon be, seventy-five. If they determine to remain upon the Court as long as President Roosevelt is in office, they will be seventy-nine. . . . It would be exceptional if all five at seventy-nine should be able physically and mentally to perform the arduous duties of the Court. . . . Every lawyer will admit that the proposal to appoint additional Judges is constitutional. It is not revolutionary because the number of Judges has been changed six times in the history of the Court.

Opponents, however, claim that . . . the plan should not be adopted because it would have the effect of having the Supreme Court hold constitutional laws which the present Court would hold unconstitutional. . . .

Even if the six Judges eligible to retire refuse to do so, and six new Justices were named, they could not hold one act constitutional unless they voted as a unit and could secure the cooperation of at least two of the Justices now on the Court who were appointed by other Presidents.

It certainly would not necessarily mean that eight Justices would vote to hold constitutional every act of the Congress. However, I hope it would mean that there would be a chance for laws passed in the interest of farmers, wage-earners and for social security, to be held constitutional.

We know that a majority of the Court as at present constituted will continue to hold that agriculture is a local problem, that it held Congress had no power to pass a minimum wage law because it was within the province of a State, and when the minimum wage law of New York State was considered, held that law was unconstitutional.

The question is whether laws for establishing collective bargaining, minimum wages and maximum hours, social security, crop control and crop insurance, drought relief and flood relief, and jobs upon public works, can be passed and enforced now as a result of legislation clearly constitutional and absolutely sound in principle, or whether we shall follow the advice of those who oppose these laws and hope by delay to postpone them for years and possibly forever.

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"THE PEOPLE DID NOT SURRENDER"—

The following statement was especially prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST *by the Hon. Edward R. Burke, Senator from Nebraska:*

President Roosevelt is justified in the belief that he received a mandate from the people . . . to carry on his program of relief, recovery and reform. Sharp criticism of relief expenditures was followed by an overwhelming vote of confidence in the President. He has a mandate to proceed, regardless of cost, in the effort to provide shelter and sustenance for those in distress.

Attacks based upon the mounting public debt and the dangers of an unbalanced budget resulted in a clear mandate . . . to do the things that need be done. . . . Within reasonable limits, the President is free to proceed. . . . The voters decided that issue on November 3.

Business complained . . . against what it considered unfair and disturbing regulation and control. . . . The people answered that industry was largely responsible for its own troubles.

Mandate—It may be stated as an unanswerable conclusion . . . that on every issue fairly presented in the Party platform and the campaign declarations of its spokesmen, a clear mandate was given to the President to go forward with the program he conceives necessary to take care of the needy, to bring the country out of the depression, and to correct glaring evils in our social and economic system.

The President now declares that since he has such a mandate . . . and since he and the Congress find an obstacle in the way of doing the job in just the manner he would like to, the sensible thing is to remove the obstruction. . . .

Neither the President nor the Congress has the right to do everything it desires, or always in the way it wishes. The people did not surrender all power to the central Government. . . .

There is nothing to prevent an appeal to the people to vest additional power in Congress and in the President. But that necessarily takes some time, and who can say . . . that the people would wish to place more power in a Congress and a President already well nigh omnipotent?

Obstacle—So the President attempts to stretch his mandate to cover a speedy . . . method of removing the Constitutional obstacle to the kind of legislation . . . he desires. . . . The Constitution can not enforce itself. If the President directs, and Congress enacts, certain legislation about which any one might have "reasonable doubts as to its constitutionality," the Constitution affords no real obstacle, unless there is some authority to declare that the act is beyond the powers vested in the Federal Government. The Supreme Court has exercised that authority for nearly one hundred and fifty years. . . . It has found it necessary to exercise that authority more frequently during the past four years than at any other time in our history.

The simple remedy, then, is to let the President name to that tribunal six new judges of preascertained opinion. Then the Constitution . . . will no longer be an obstacle. I admit that . . . this remedy would be stream-lined in speed . . . and as . . . effective as the executioner's ax. What it would do to the dignity, the well-earned prestige, the priceless independence of our Federal Judiciary, is not a matter that need be left to the imagination. What safety there would remain in Constitutional guaranties, what protection in the Bill of Rights, is matter for serious thought.

No Hint—I deny that the President has any mandate from the people to proceed in any such course. The Democratic Platform pledged the Party to recommend clarifying amendments to the Constitution, if necessary. The nominee of the Party gave no hint that he had in mind any such action as he now moves to accomplish.

I do not know what others may say, but for myself, I assert that if at any moment prior to Election day President Roosevelt had declared his intention to endeavor to add six Justices to the Supreme Court in order to secure approval for legislation that he might propose, that moment I would have repudiated the nominee of my Party, and would have exerted my feeble efforts unceasingly in opposition to his success. That would have been of little importance except to enable me to face the future with a clear conscience.

eight hundred yards for slugging and illegal interference, now wants to select a new set of referees, field judges and linesmen in the middle of the game."

John H. Bosch, President of the Farmers' Holiday Association—"I am in favor of the President's attempt to modernize the Supreme Court. The representative form of government ceases to exist and dictatorship has arrived when the Court renders void the result of elections and the expressed will of the people."

Ray Yarnell, Editor of *Capper's Farmer*—"The storm of protest that has greeted the proposal of the President for authority to change or increase the personnel of the Supreme Court is evidence of the wide-spread conviction of citizens in every walk of life that the independence of the judiciary should be preserved and that the Courts should not become subservient to the Executive."

Sen. Arthur Capper of Kansas—"I am unalterably opposed to President Roosevelt's proposal to name six additional Justices to influence the decisions of the Supreme Court. I am opposed to giving that much influence over the Supreme Court to any President. . . . A constitutional amendment may be the only way out. I am willing to study other plans, but President Roosevelt's remedy is worse than the disease."

Dan D. Casement, President of the Farmers' Independence Council of America—"No intellectually honest person can deny that the reasons given by the President to justify his Supreme Court proposal are unsupported by the facts and clearly prompted by trickery and his impatience to quash the Court's certain opposition to his unsound program for economic and social innovations. He erroneously thinks he holds a mandate to establish these innovations so imperative as to excuse the underhand means he employs to achieve them. The real menace to America and to democracy is the threat that these innovations will be embodied in our law. If this latest revelation of the President's true character leads the people to challenge and reject his whole un-American program, it will be an immeasurable blessing."

BLIZZARD BELT: Western States Extracted From Deep Snow, Food Dropped to Farmers

Puckish winter skreeled across the Dakotas and Minnesota on winged skis last week. Nothing new for the Great Plains, which had been standing a kind of siege for months. For six weeks, the mercury had seldom climbed as high as zero.

Farmers rejoiced, knowing that ten inches of snow meant one inch of rain at melting time, evoking hopes of moisture to lay the blowing top-soil and a healthy bumper crop instead of another dose of Dust Bowl wo.

Highway engineers had no time for rejoicing. In three States, every available snow-plow was buckling down to the job of digging roads out of gale-piled drifts. Minnesota was operating 300 snow-removal units, clearing 10,000 miles of highway. Plow-crews armed with tow-chains pulled 2,000 cars out of drifts while opening trunk routes to one-way traffic through snow piled as high as twenty feet. At many points, wind plugged the roads again. Snow-removal and fencing has cost Minnesota $750,000 this winter.

Dakotas Suffer—North Dakota faced cleaning up 6,700 miles of highway with only thirty units. Lack of money hampered work in many sectors, some country roads being due to stay blocked until the spring thaws. The State spent $150,000 in winter snow-removal, with the Highway Department extricating 1,500 cars from drifts. In South Dakota, some ranchers reported loss of up to 300 head of cattle because of forage shortage.

In this belt, a typical State highway maintenance division operates two five-to-seven-ton all-wheel-drive trucks with V-type push-plows, one ten-ton truck with similar plow, one two-ton truck with one-way push-plow and one auger-type rotary plow that bores through snow-banks as a carpenter drills through a sturdy joist. Each division also has one or two heavy trucks with power hydraulic wings. The bigger plows are used for opening and widening and the rotary for moving heavy banks from road shoulders.

Opening trunk lines is all the highway crews can tackle now. Some side roads probably will be blocked until spring and dynamite may be used to open others.

Rotary Plow—Newest equipment in the Northwest is the 400-horse-power rotary plow, with the great borer separate from

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the truck. Only these are powerful enough to slice through some towering drifts.

A decade ago, Northwestern farmers counted on being snowed-in part of the winter. They prepared by having enough side-meat, potatoes and flour on hand to carry the family through its white isolation. There was enough wood for warm comfort; enough forage for stock. Butchers, bakers and grocers didn't count on winter deliveries; their produce had been stocked before the first snowfall. In emergencies, farm-wives knew what to do with flour.

It's that way to-day, too, but trunk roads must be kept open nowadays. Motorists want to go places, winter or no; bus-lines have schedules to maintain.

Drifts—It's not the light, powdery snow that causes the trouble, but the heavy, wet snow or high, wind-packed drifts. Even so, they bore through these. Up-hill, four to six shovelers must precede the plows. Twelve to eighteen hours generally are sufficient on the trunk roads. From twelve to eighteen more clear more important feeders. It sounds simple; is, until the wind howls again and snow-banks drift. The Northwest has its technique for blizzard-battling.

Prankish nature shoved a snow-removal job onto California, Nevada and Arizona Highway Departments while blizzards were harrying the North. Northern Arizona's highways, normally open, were choked by unusual snow-storms trailed by bitter cold.

Worst snow area is in the Grand Canyon district, where two rotaries were working toward thirty-four snow-bound automobiles. If these bogged down, there was a great caterpillar tractor to go to the rescue.

Food Dropped—In Nevada, air-planes dropped food and medicine to isolated mining-camps and ranches, caught unprepared by the severe winter. When motorists are known to be snow-bound, CCC boys and Forest Service Rangers go out on skis to take them away. Unoccupied cars are left where they are stranded until roads are cleared.

A southern Utah rancher and his wife, an expectant mother, planned to "go out" Christmas day. Snow marooned them. Last week, a light tractor climbed over the last ten-foot drift and took the couple to a cleared highway, only three miles away.

"Being marooned for nearly two months with only so much food wasn't any fun," said the rancher. "I guess we never saw a prettier riding vehicle than that caterpillar tractor when it came into sight."

DANDY DINERS: Washington Insiders Pass Judgment on Newcomers by Gourmet Test

"It would be hard to find a more overrated group of stuffed shirts than the elegant ladies and gentlemen who comprise what Washington, with smug satisfaction, terms her 'Foreign Diplomatic Corps.'"

At this recently published blast, conservatives in the foreign legion along the Potomac winced. But the ribald element of the Diplomatic Corps drained copious goblets to such lambastings given their set in "Let Them Eat Caviar," saucy "once-over" of the Capital's social life by George Abell and Evelyn Gordon.

Now all is quiet in Washington, socially. It is Lent, and the Diplomatic Corps is sparring and thrusting to find out how it will aline itself "out of school" during the second Roosevelt Administration.

Newcomers—There are three new Ambassadors. They are being watched. As they do, so will their Embassies. Their actions may have an effect on Washington social life in general. The newcomers are Fulvio de Suvich of Italy, Count Jerzy George Potocki of Poland and Georges Etienne Bonnet of France.

Stuffed shirts or not, the best way some Washington insiders have of judging new good-will-bearers is by what they eat or drink, offer to eat or drink, in the forty-week season.

Oddly enough, newspaper men in the Capital find its most able diplomats are, more often than not, its *bon-vivants, gourmets,* men of the world—not above attending the strip-tease exhibitions at Jimmy Lake's Gayety Burlesk Theater where Supreme Court Justices have been known to admire unclad performers, roar at baggy-kneed comedians.

A large Embassy is allowed from $40,000 to $50,000 annually for entertainment; a Legation one-quarter to one-half this amount. The British Embassy has an expense allowance of $80,000, seldom uses more than two-thirds of the sum. The British receive principally at teas, *musicales* and garden parties.

Chefs — Leading chefs such as Maurice Teillifet, Belgian, at the British Embassy; René Giraud, at the French Embassy; Wolfgang Heinrich at the German are monarchs in their own realm, suspicious of the press.

A Washington news service reporter recently made an appointment with Signor Sabatini, chef at the Italian Embassy. Arriving at the scheduled afternoon hour, the newsman was told: "Sorry, you'll have to come back some other time. The chef is sleeping; no one is allowed to disturb him."

Kitchen bills at Embassies average about $400 weekly. Generally the butler or chef phones orders to Burchell's or MacGruder's, Washington's *de luxe* grocery shops. A few wives of Ministers or Ambassadors indulge in occasional marketing. Menus at Embassies and Legations are Americanized.

Much more individual are the drinks. Whereas Scotch and soda is the diplomatic favorite, dry Martinis are the specialty at the Brazilian Embassy; native rum cocktails at the Dominican Legation; Bacardi at the Cuban; whisky sours in small silver cups at the Chilean; *pisco* at the Peruvian; Mavrodaphne wine at the Greek. *Yerba maté* is offered visitors at the Paraguayan Legation. As the gourds are passed, officials assure guests that the claims of mail-order houses in this country about the aphrodisiac powers of the beverage are exaggerated.

Best Offers—Choicest entertaining is now being offered by the Russian, German, Latvian and Latin-American representatives. Since 1934, the Soviet Ambassador, Alexander Antonovich Troyanovsky, has set the pace. Left-wing or not, diplomats relish a good dinner, and the Soviet envoy knows how to serve them. An eight-foot-long, 450-pound sturgeon from the Volga recently won all hearts. And even anti-Marxists forget political sympathies momentarily before chicken *à la Russe, gourievs kaia kasha, borsch, blinsi* and imported salmon.

At the old-fashioned red German Embassy on Massachusetts Avenue, Ambassador Hans Luther, a widower, sets a nice table, with plentiful food of a solid nature. But it is his *Bierabends,* strictly stag affairs, which bring out diplomats, Congressmen, Senators and the press. The atmosphere is that of a German beer garden, the great hall gaily decorated with colored banners, all furniture cleared out. Huge kegs of Pilsener and Muenchener beer line the wall.

Bavarian hats are given to guests. Bavarian singers and dancers cavort, slapping their thighs to ecstatic yodeling of spectators and performers alike in the large hall, dense with cigar smoke. Pretzels, salted, spiraled turnips, steamed sausages, *zwieback* and sauerkraut tempt Senators and writers alike to an "umpteenth" quaff.

Darling—Slightly more than two years ago, Señor Don Francisco Castillo Najera presented his credentials as Mexican Ambassador to the United States. In the interim,

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De Suvich, newcomer . . . Washington wonders

Pictures, Inc.

Castillo Najera . . . Washington's darling

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he has become the darling of Washington *bon-vivants*. An expert conversationalist, he is an authority on diplomacy, medicine, poetry, surgery and art.

He throws conventions out the window, entertains any one who interests him. Waving a black and gold cigarette-holder, the tall, bulky, stoop-shouldered intellectual serves tasty *tortillas, enchilada, tamales*. Sometimes he takes a hand in their preparation, washing the dishes down with beer imported from Monterey.

Castillo Najera discourses on everything from religion to monetary theories, even while preparing his special *frijoles à la Castillo* or *cubierto de Biz Naga* (cactus leaves boiled in sugar until the leaf becomes honeyed).

Bird's-nest soup and Cointreau-cream are other specialties. Besides this, he designs an occasional dress, is an excellent hand at bridge. His wife often strums the guitar for guests.

Booter—Oswaldo Aranha, forty-three-year-old Brazilian Ambassador, is another convention booter.

His name means spider and he has spiders embroidered on his underwear, shirts, pajamas. Likewise his cigarette case is embossed with a spider.

For his legion of friends, Aranha makes *Churresco*, barbecued beef, turned on a spit or cooked in an open space from which red-hot coals have just been removed.

Aranha is not a big eater, but enjoys hot fudge sundaes in any amount, also Brazilian coffee and desserts. Asked why he did not accompany President Roosevelt on the *Indianapolis* to the recent Pan-American Conference, he replied: "Only dead diplomats go on battle-ships."

Being generous, popular and lavish entertainers, both Castillo Najera and Aranha have to dig into their own pockets to pay the bills. Another prime favorite of Pan-American envoys is Señor Felipe A. Espil, Argentine Ambassador, old-time friend of Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson. He has been known to appear at formal functions in riding-breeches.

Espil is now on the lookout for another good French chef. He serves a sherry of considerable merit, prepares Argentine canned roast beef and Argentine turkeys.

Sze—Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, Chinese Ambassador, is an intellectual; his receptions, therefore, abound in college presidents and heads of foundations, rather than food. Japanese Ambassador Hirosi Saito never lived up to the hopes aroused by his sumptuous beefsteak dinner given to the press on his arrival.

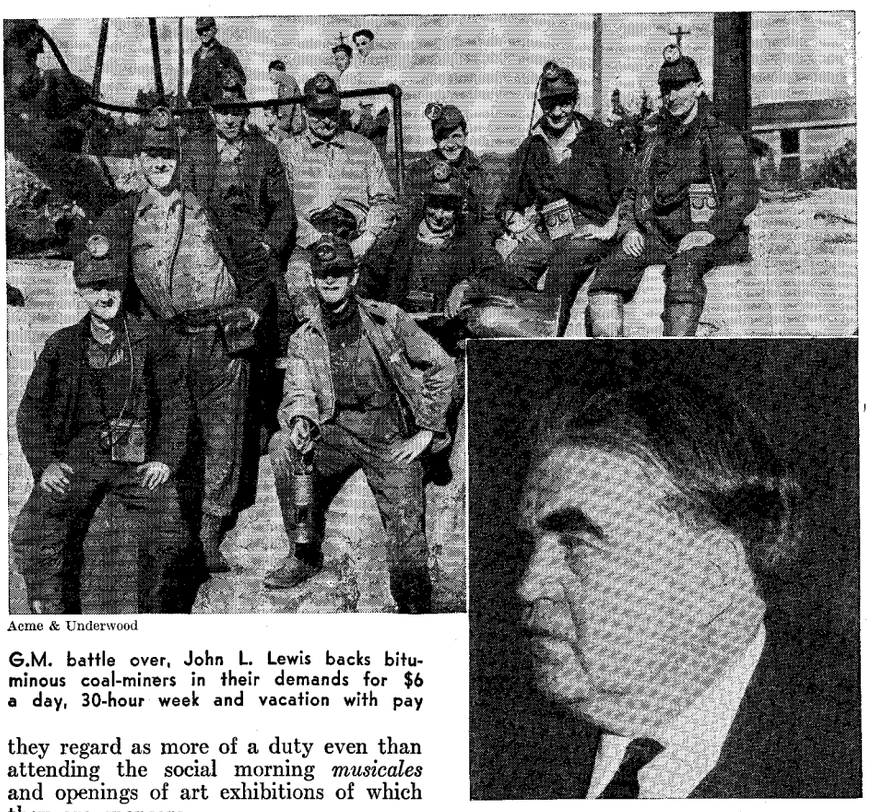
Soon thereafter, he decreed that even the delicious Nipponese dish *Suki Yaki* made too much of a smell in the Embassy, must be cooked elsewhere. For awhile a Japanese restaurant supplied the dish, but now this place has gone out of business.

Dr. Alfred Bilmanis, Minister of Latvia, has an enormous appetite, likes to give dinners, serves each guest with an individual bottle of Latvian *vodka*.

Faik Konitza, bachelor Albanian Minister, likes to give stag parties at his suite in the Mayflower Hotel, where his specialties are rare wines, champagne and "the best cup of coffee in Washington." Señor Capitán Colón Eloy Alfaro, also a Mayflower resident, is the Capital's most avid entertainer.

One interesting point is the gentlemen's agreement among diplomats never to let a party fail for lack of attendance. This they regard as more of a duty even than attending the social morning *musicales* and openings of art exhibitions of which they are sponsors.

But diplomats don't mind in the least paying 75 cents for luncheon tickets to the National Press Club and Overseas Writers Club.



Acme & Underwood

G.M. battle over, John L. Lewis backs bituminous coal-miners in their demands for $6 a day, 30-hour week and vacation with pay

SIT-DOWN EPIDEMIC:

Wives, Sweethearts and Youth Join Movement

"All right, I'll sit down, too!"

A new angle to labor problems was offered last week when Walter L. Fry, President, General Manager and chief salesman for the Fry Products Company of Detroit, prepared to "outsit" any strikers in his firm.

"If they don't work, I won't," he declared. "And unless I work and sell, they won't have any work to do."

With the legal status of his and other sit-down strikes still undetermined, and with General Motors workers back at their jobs, an epidemic of sitting down broke out; wives sat down on their husbands, sweethearts on their boy friends. People in every profession found a new outlet for grievances. Members of the Youth Movement even sat down at the White House.

The Fansteel Metallurgical Corporation of Waukegan, Illinois, got an injunction against 100 workers who "sat." In two plants, the strikers refused to come out, police were called. The "ins" used makeshift weapons, the "law" used tear gas.

Up to Owners—In New York, Police Commissioner Valentine decided that action against sitting down remained in the hands of the premise owners, charges to be pressed by them. Governor Hoffman of New Jersey, meanwhile, decided to use all the State's resources to "foil and punish any such attempts."

With national attention diverted momentarily to the Supreme Court question, labor leaders marked time on their own problems.

John L. Lewis was busy with the biggest problem of his life. "Hold coal, invade steel," was his plan of campaign, now that he had broken into the ranks of the automobile industry.

His initial task was to arrange a new agreement with the bituminous coal operators of eight States in the Appalachian area. Aggressively, Lewis demanded a thirty-hour week, $1,200 yearly income, two weeks' vacation with pay.

The old agreement between operators and United Mine Workers expires March 31. Four hundred thousand workers are involved.

For thirty years, John L. Lewis has fought for his mine workers. His father, Thomas Lewis, had been a miner in Wales. John L. was brought up a mine worker, became a recognized leader several decades back.

Triple Fight—Confident now that he would either win a full-fledged victory or a substantial compromise, Lewis divided his attention between the meeting of coal operators, the President's plan for Supreme Court juggling, and the question of William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor.

The coal matter would linger on through many debates, that Lewis knew; the Supreme Court issue was his to support; the Green matter was something else.

Last year, the ten unions supporting Lewis's Committee for Industrial Organization were suspended from the American Federation of Labor. Now Lewis had his turn. The Policy Committee of the United Mine Workers decided to expel, if possible, William Green as a "traitor."

William Green had dared to call the C.I.O.'s participation in the General Motors strike "a failure." Lewis is proud of what he calls the gains made at Detroit. He is set to organize coal, then steel, then the oil fields and refineries.

Musician Green—But Green was not caught napping. If expelled from the United Mine Workers he must find some other

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basis for his Presidency of the A.F.L. So he pulled out of the hat a membership card from the Musicians' Union of Chicago. He was a pianist, if any one wanted to know. Requested by newspaper men either to play a tune or pose in front of a Steinway, he refused; the title was honorary; he had a dozen such memberships.

Unsubstantiated are the statements that Lewis has risen to popular notice in the past year. Self-educated, he has been a leader in labor ranks since 1906. His requests of the Government during the Presidency of Woodrow Wilson do not differ greatly from those of to-day, according to his biographer, Cecil Carnes.

Fighter Lewis—Lewis fought the I.W.W. and red elements in labor. He is accustomed to fighting.

Labor unions in this country date back to before the War Between the States. The depression of 1873 almost destroyed the few large national unions. Workers began to desert the idea of their own craft unions for a more substantial organization—a national unit to defend their rights.

In 1885, there were 110,000 members of the Knights of Labor, initial "big union" organization, founded secretly in 1869. A year later this organization had a membership of 730,000. But strikes were everywhere, the railroads were tied up.

Gompers—A number of the craft unions had banded together in 1881, kept their activities secret for five years. When the Knights were unable to cope with the strife of 1886, the smaller organization took the name of the American Federation of Labor under the leadership of Samuel Gompers.

Half a century later, opposition to this type of unionism led to the break between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. John L. Lewis and his associates believe the A.F.L. hasn't been sufficiently interested in unionizing the automobile, coal and steel industries.

Next Step—When the coal negotiations are over, the Steel Workers Organizing Committee will meet. The demands of 500,000 workers in the industry will then be presented by Lewis. First demand will be for a national conference between the union spokesmen for the steel employees and United States Steel.

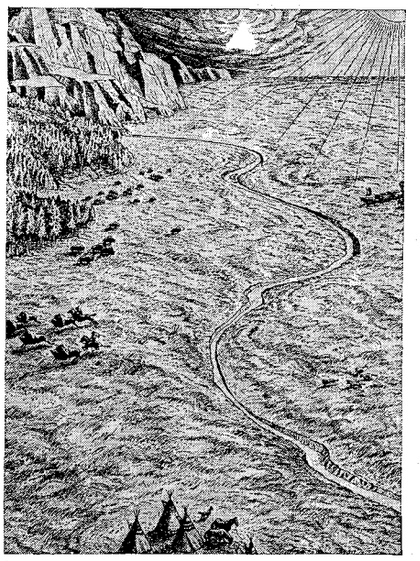
Lewis could well smile at another victory he scored for his group. Negotiations between manufacturers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers resulted in a three-year contract providing for continuation of the thirty-six-hour week and a 12 per cent. wage rise.

Senator La Follette's investigation into what large corporations did about labor activities of their employees made Washington curious as the investigators went deeper and deeper, revealed more and more embarrassing facts.

PLAINS PENANCE: Government Committee Outlines Scourge, Aid for Dust States

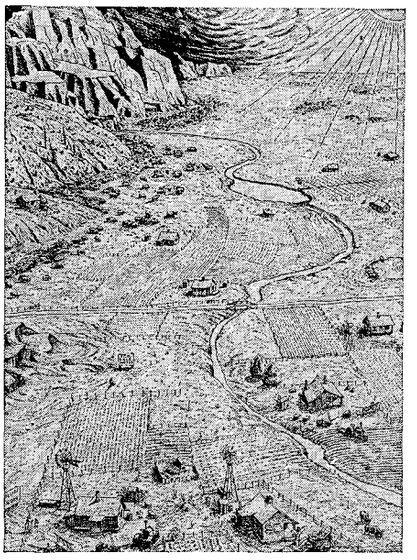
Man's sin against nature in the Great Plains States mocked him again last week as dust storms sprang up to devastate hundreds of square miles of precious soil and add to the burden of human misery.

Whirling out of the Dust Bowl formed by sections of Kansas, Colorado, Texas and Oklahoma, the storms resumed the process of destruction begun by human greed or ignorance in these and six other Plains States—the Dakotas, Wyoming, Montana, Nebraska and New Mexico.

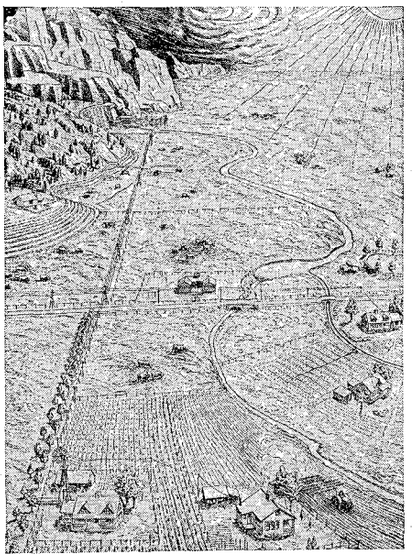


Courtesy Resettlement Administration

Great Plains of the past: crystal waters ran down through forested foothills and verdure-covered plains where wind blew free of dust



Great Plains of the present: hills shorn of trees, unwise cultivation, grass nibbled to the roots have left soil open to wind and rain



Great Plains of the future: under scientific cultivation, irrigation, careful distribution of cattle, terraced hills, land may boom again

As the dust blotted out the sun, automobiles crept through the murk with headlights blazing futilely, housewives chinked doors and windows with wet paper and rags, pedestrians went about gasping through improvised masks. It was another act in nature's drama of retribution for misuse of the land.

Retribution—But in Washington plans were afoot for doing national retribution for righting the wrong that has jeopardized one of the country's greatest resources. On President Roosevelt's desk lay the newly-completed report of the Great Plains Committee headed by Morris L. Cooke, of the Rural Electrification Administration. Detailing the story of how the devastation was caused, the report, entitled "The Future of the Great Plains," goes on to show how the land can be restored through a long-term program.

The Committee, appointed by the President, found:

"The present situation in the Great Plains area is the result of human modification of natural conditions."

Destruction of grass roots and consequent erosion are chargeable to excessive plowing and overgrazing.

"There is no proof that a permanent change in the climate in the direction of greater aridity is taking place . . . but we may now be past the trough of a dry cycle."

Sins—Early settlers were required to put their 160-acre tracts under the plow "regardless of whether or not it was suited for cultivation."

Overcropping caused deterioration of range-land.

High prices of wheat during the World War put more grass-land under the plow; after the market collapse new soil was exposed to the wind, with no cover crop to protect it between seasons.

Many water resources were wasted or diverted to poor land at the expense of good land. Rain has run off fields.

Of the range-lands, probably 95 per cent. has declined in forage value, some as much as 75 per cent.

There are perhaps 24,000 crop farms, covering 15,000,000 acres, which should no longer be plowed.

Fifty-one per cent. of the farmers in eight Plains States are tenants. "Tenancy has been a link in a chain of events which have led to instability of population, to neglect of improvements, to low living standards." Forty thousand families, a total of 165,000 persons, have migrated from the Great Plains since 1930.

Between April, 1933, and June, 1936, the accumulated amounts of Federal aid expended in the area ran as high in some counties as $200 *per capita*.

Credit—The Great Plains farmer in many cases "will need relief for some time to come." He will need credit for a longer period.

"No individual, no community, no county, no single State can do alone all that needs to be done; and no one can safely settle any individual or local problem without some consideration of the general problems of the whole area.

"This is a matter of direct concern to the Federal Government and to the country as a whole."

In its recommendations, the Committee

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outlined actions for Federal, State and local authorities.

Federal—Investigations and surveys in a ten-year program for conserving land, water and other resources.

Some 24,000,000 acres "might well be acquired" by the Federal Government and other agencies to protect the land and promote its best use.

Purchase of an estimated 7,000,000 acres in farms that are too small would relieve 40,000 families—20,000 now occupying them, 20,000 who would gain the extra acreage.

Federal acquisition and control of range land to prevent overgrazing.

Measures to increase the size of farms to make families self-supporting.

Conservation of water.

Intensive research and experiment to prevent onslaughts by insect pests (crop losses from this cause in 1934 were "conservatively estimated" at $38,000,000).

Development of other resources such as lignite beds in the northern part of the Great Plains region.

State—Revision of legislation relating to land and water use, tenancy, leasing, taxing and tax delinquency.

Cooperation with other States in the zoning of land in terms of its proper use . . . "to prevent unwise extension of cultivated areas during periods of supernormal rainfall or of exceptionally high prices."

Establishment of cooperative grazing associations to prevent overcropping.

Revision of the taxing system to ease the burden on farmers.

Local—Major shifts in crop plans so that the nature of the crop each season can be adapted to the amount of moisture in the soil at planting time.

Creation of feed and seed reserves.

Conservation of soil moisture by such means as contour plowing (at an angle, instead of up and down a slope), terracing, leaving of stubble and crop residue in the ground, and planting of sweet clover and rye on sandy soils.

The planting wherever practicable of trees and shrubs as windbreaks on borders of fields and around houses.

"To bring the work of these many agencies sharply to focus on the dominant problem, to prevent overlapping and confusion," the Committee recommended establishment of a continuing territorial agency "to make effective a salutary, long-term program."

It concluded: "The economic drift in the Great Plains States for years past has been steadily downward. If economic deterioration of the Great Plains region, recently heightened as a result of the depression and drought, is to be stopped, it will be only because the Nation takes the situation in hand promptly, emphatically and competently."

TENANT TROUBLES: President Makes Two Congressional Appeals to Aid Farmers

Roast suckling pig, sweet potato soufflé, fried chicken, Carolina stew, hominy grits and sorghum, apple-sass and p'k chops. . . .

Most slaves in the Old South, Mrs. Stowe notwithstanding, used to fare well. They lived in well-built cabins, were taken care of when sick, got easier work as they grew old, felt a security that fitted their laughing, singing, joyously religious nature. If they were lucky "house niggers," they even wore shoes, had *corn bread and 'lasses, sow-belly once a day, grits without sorghum. . . .*

Contrast—America's eight million "peasants" (a third Negroes, two-thirds old American white stock, 42 per cent. of all U. S. farmers) live more humbly. Their ramshackle, floorless cabins, unpainted and with leaky roofs, their tattered jeans, their body sores from undernourishment, their fear of starving, of harsh landlords, better fit the picture of dark-age Europe than that of present-day American agriculture.

Such a picture was painted to Congress last week, as the President, in a special message, asked for legislative action to curb the increase of farm tenancy.

The chief agricultural products of tenant farmers are cotton and tobacco. A glossary of "cotton-peonage" terms would show: (1) tenant farmers, who pay rent for their land in cash; (2) share tenants, who pay usually one-fourth of crop, often have share-croppers working for them; (3) share-croppers, who own no land, no tools, not even a mule, nor any money until harvest time. Landlord supplies their home, their "furnish" (food, necessities), gives them half their crop, less advanced "furnish" and interest; (4) agricultural laborers—often worse off than share-croppers, they work for fifty cents a day when they are needed, have no credit at the planters' commissary.

Average Income—These American "peasants" would laugh if they ever saw a newspaper with the Federal Government's supposed minimum family income: $1,500 a year. Their average income in rough food, insanitary, crowded houses and a dribble of cash is little more than $200 a year, may be as little as $70. The average farm is forty acres, with about half planted for the main crop, cotton or tobacco. Average machinery is worth $11.01, live stock $24.54 (value of a single scrawny cow).

Crop—Cotton, once supplied by America alone, is now raised by fifty nations. As a one-crop economy has depleted the soil of the 1,600-mile Cotton Belt, and the boll-weevil has done its bit, the farmers, with inadequate machinery and little use of scientific agriculture, have been the losers. Other factors in their distress: Bad credit conditions (interest often as high as 36 per cent.) and the economic failure of many landlords. Two million men, women and children have been cast adrift without land or decent homes. The Federal Government already has spent $1,500,000,000 for relief.

Aids—The President's (and his Committee's) proposals: (1) liberal credit to enable tenants with experience and ability to buy their own farms over a long period with a five-year trial, and technical advice to assure success; (2) small loans with education and guidance to prevent mortgaged farm owners from slipping into tenancy (40,000 do every year); (3) the retirement from production of land unsuited for farming and assistance to the families living thereon in finding homes on good land; (4) cooperation with State and local agencies to improve the general leasing system. (One specific evil attacked is the law, in many States, that a tenant in debt can not move away.)

Criticism aimed at Federal refinancing of tenant farmers stresses these points: (1) withholding title to refinanced land until the farmer tenant has been on it five years is unsound; (2) placing the Farm Security Corporation and the Farm Security Administration under the Department of Agriculture instead of in a separate administration might give rise to abuses; (3) the "small homestead" philosophy is basically unsound, as collective farms, either cooperative or capitalist, can operate at one-third the cost per acre of one-man-and-a-mule farming.

Topics in Brief

BY SELLING him a "money machine" for $100,000 crooks thoroughly cleaned a Chicago laundry man.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A BROOKLYN wife-beater was sentenced to kiss his spouse every day. Thus do the innocent suffer with the guilty.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

CONGRESS is blamed for the Ohio River floods. It seems to have a thumb in everything but the dike.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat & Chronicle.*

OTHER NATIONS change their Cabinets to get the Government in proper working order, but Japan simply changes its Diet. —*Hartford Courant.*

THE FIRST HOUSE vote was 404 to 1 on an Administration measure. So another dream is shattered. Mr. Roosevelt is not without opposition after all.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

THERE ARE two ways in which a Senator can get publicity. He can kiss a Hollywood girl or he can deliver a statesmanlike speech on the Supreme Court.—*Lynchburg (Va.) News.*

THE HARDEST task is not going to be to terminate the fighting in Spain, but to unscramble the Spanish omelet which the other countries have cooked for themselves.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SING SING convict who studied law in prison got himself out on a writ of habeas corpus. Sing Sing's educational system rather scored there in vocational guidance. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

GENERAL JOHNSON says he would sit down with the devil himself if he thought he "could talk him into making hell any cooler." Air-conditioning is a new rôle for the General.—*Tulsa (Okla.) World.*

TOM ADRIAN CRACRAFT knows a Broadway hotel where the service is so bad the elevator boys were on strike three days before any guest realized the difference.—*Beau Broadway in the New York Morning Telegraph.*

FOOL DRIVERS have honked us poor pedestrians into such a state of nervousness that if Gabriel were to cut loose suddenly with a loud toot on his trumpet, we'd all jump plumb to hell.—*Olin Miller in the Atlanta Journal.*

A MAGAZINE poses the old question: "What would be the first thing you would do if you came into a million dollars?" We believe, in these cases nowadays, the Internal Revenue Bureau makes the initial move.—*H. V. Wade in the Detroit News.*

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HITLER "HEILS" HAIL OBDURATE PRELATE

Cardinal Faulhaber Attacks Treatment Under Concordat

With every other organization in Germany gobbled up, the Evangelical and Roman Catholic churches continue their valiant, tortured struggle against absorption in the totalitarian State.

Last week, Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, mounted the pulpit of old St. Michael's and basted Nazi violations of the Concordat—the 1933 treaty between the Reich and the Vatican under which Catholics agreed to a ban on the political activities of clergy and lay leaders, in exchange for religious liberty in their churches and schools.

More than 8,000 worshipers, including former Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, jammed the rococo edifice to hear the man who stands out in the Third Reich for daring to speak freely four years after freedom of speech disappeared.

"With the Concordat we are hanged," the aging Prelate raged in his soft *Suddeutscher* accent. "Without the Concordat, we are drawn and quartered and *then* hanged."

Scope—Many Catholic grievances do not fall within the treaty's scope. Thus, tho nuns are now serving long prison terms, they were duly sentenced for smuggling currency out of the country. Prelates and lay leaders landed in jail for crimes of immorality, and the horrors of concentration camps drove several clergymen to suicide. Yet, tho Catholics believe they suffer on trumped-up charges, the Vatican is powerless to defend them.

Cardinal Faulhaber, with his red hat as bright as his courage in the candlelight, took up the treaty's violations clause by clause. Article I, which guarantees religious freedom, was constantly broken, he said, by Nazi attacks on the faith of Catholic youths. The free communications promised to the Vatican, to priests, and to their parishioners collapsed under the Nazi practise of reading and tampering with letters. Protection guaranteed to the Catholic clergy, the Cardinal insisted, did not sanction the "permission given to the Nazi press to sling mud almost daily at priests."

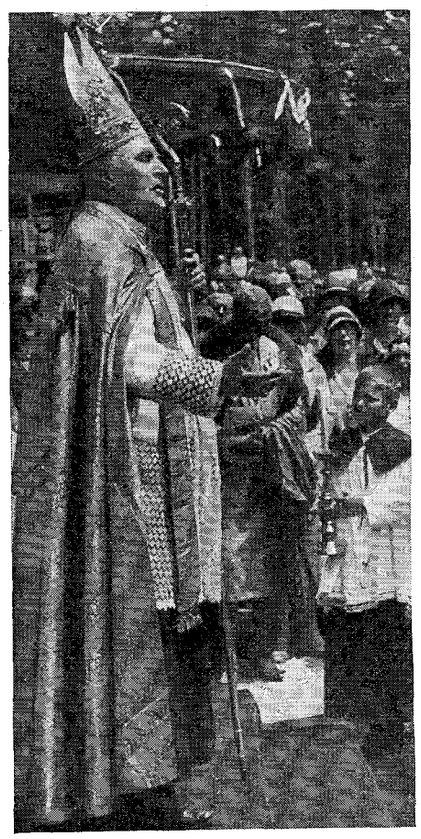
Then the Prelate who has been called the world's greatest pulpit orator took up the subject of parochial schools. In Catholic Bavaria, Nazi interference became scandalous this month, when out of 7,457 children in church schools last semester, only 357 registered for the new term. Nazis alleged that 95 per cent. of the parents had voted against the schools. His Eminence charged that parents had been intimidated into enrolling their youngsters in classes "where there is no guaranty that the Catholic faith will not be made the subject of ridicule and laughter." In Bavaria alone, he said, 600 teaching Sisters had lost their jobs to Brown Shirt instructors.

"Shame"—Fired by his audacity, the aroused congregation broke into his sermon time after time with cries of "*Pfui!*" (shame) for the Reich.

"We do not want to repudiate the Concordat," the Cardinal concluded, "but if it is repudiated it will hurt the Reich more than the church . . . How can other Governments have faith in the word of Germany's statesmen, or believe she will keep her agreements, when this treaty with the Vatican, freely entered into and signed, has not been kept? The mutual trust of nations is based on respect for treaties, and Germany's honor will be irreparably damaged if she fails to abide by this treaty with the Vatican." As he left the church, excited worshipers greeted him with shouts generally reserved for Hitler—"*Heil,* Cardinal! *Hoch,* Cardinal!"

The brave attack which would probably have landed any other German in a concentration camp aroused no immediate action. One reason for the Cardinal's immunity is the special protection extended to him by Pope Pius. Shortly after Hitler came to power, the Prelate's indiscretions so outraged Brown House zealots that one tried to assassinate him. Thereupon the Holy Father made him a Papal Legate, so that the Reich would have to answer to the Vatican for any attack on his person.

Unity—To meet official pressure which at times amounts to persecution, Catholics have at least the strength of their unity. Protestants find their resistance weakened by serious splits. The German Christians, ardent Nazis, enthusiastically flirt with the Nordic paganism, race propaganda, and fire and water worship with which Alfred Rosenberg, Party idea man, and Baldur von Schirach, head of the Hitler Youth, try to revivify the orthodox Evangelical creed. At the other extreme stands the Confessional Synod, led by the fighting Martin Niemoeller, War-time submarine hero. They are unalterably opposed to State interference in church affairs.



Goro from Black Star

Von Faulhaber: "Heil, Cardinal" and "Pfui" as he blasted Nazi violations of the Concordat

At first, Hitler tried to govern through his friend, Bishop Ludwig Mueller. By October, 1935, however, the stubborn, tactless former War chaplain had so alienated most German Protestants that Hitler deposed him and gave control to Hans Kerrl, Reich Church Minister. Kerrl inaugurated a Committee form of government headed by Dr. Wilhelm Zoellner, former Superintendent of the Evangelical Church in Westphalia.

Promises—The Committee led an uneasy life for seventeen months, at times outraged by attacks on Christianity, then was lulled by Hitler's promises that the campaign would cease. Its latest trouble came last month, when nine pastors in Luebeck refused to take orders from a German Christian Bishop. Secret police placed them under arrest in their homes. Doctor Zoellner and his fellow members tried to investigate on the spot, but failed to get the necessary permission. Then Zoellner himself arranged to preach in Luebeck. Police again intervened, forbidding the sermon and ordering him to stay in Berlin. Thereupon the entire Committee resigned.

Last week, Kerrl took a plane for Berchtesgaden, Hitler's mountain retreat, with his problems. Again, *Der Fuehrer* admitted failure. "Since the Reich Church Committee has failed in its efforts to effect a union of the various church groups in the German Evangelical Church," he announced, "the church shall now provide itself with a new constitution and new order, in full freedom and in accordance with the will of the people of the church."

Under the decree, all church members will choose a Synod to draw up the new constitution. Since the election will be held under the Reich Church Minister, many Germans questioned the extent of their free choice. Nazis ushered in the last church election, they recalled, with the ballyhoo, threats, and pressure which characterize their political plebiscites. The night before the poll, Herr Hitler stood before a microphone and hoarsely warned that he would consider a vote against the German Christians a vote against himself. Not unnaturally, they won.

ROMAN BABE: Prisoners Released to Honor Heir's Baptism; Italian Birth-Rate, Business Off

For almost fifteen years, the weather-beaten stone and marble edifices fronting the *Piazza Venezia* have echoed, periodically, to the ringing voice of *Il Duce* and the wild "*Vivas*" of massed Black Shirts.

Last week, the "*Vivas*" were for King Victor Emanuel III. The oft-eclipsed little Monarch had signed a general amnesty releasing thousands of prisoners, to celebrate the birth of his first grandson, Crown Prince Umberto's and Marie Jose's second child.

The press, however, uniformly extolled "the great heart of Premier Benito Mussolini," gave all credit for this gesture of mercy to Fascism.

The great *Piazza Venezia* was empty,

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and all interest was centered at Naples, where, in the presence of the Royal Family, the tiny heir to the Italian throne was baptized with water drawn from the famous Basilica of St. Vincent de Paul. Cardinal Ascalesi of Naples officiated and christened the child Vittorio Emanuele Alberto Carlo Teodoro Umberto Bonifacio Amedeo Damiano Bernardino Gennero Maria.

Prisoners were joyous, for short sentences were wiped out and three years taken off longer terms. Political prisoners held *al confino* (in confinement) by the police presumably were benefited, as were the anti-Fascist stalwarts relegated years ago to the bleak volcanic rocks of the Lipari Islands, north of Sicily, tho newspapers hinted that those sentenced *al confino* were not included in the amnesty, and that "there is no question of a subsequent decree at the moment."

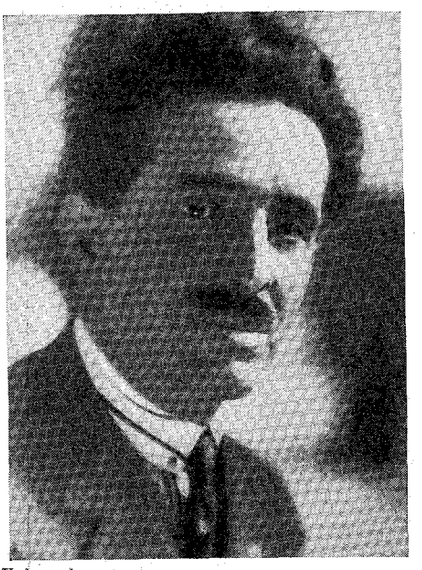
Most prominent *al confino* inmate would be Cesare Rossi, once member of the Fascist Grand Council and head of the Press Bureau. For him Virginio Gayde, "in the know" Editor of Giornale d'Italia, held no hope, lumped him in that "class of citizens profoundly lost and incapable of moral rectitude." Rossi, one of Mussolini's earliest collaborators, accused *Il Duce* of instigating the murder of Giacomo Matteotti, one-time Secretary of an opposing political group. Some ten years ago, Rossi fled to France and launched violent propaganda against the Fascists until he was decoyed across the border and apprehended by the Italian police.

Political Prisoners—Other prominent anti-Fascists now in prison are the two renowned heroes of the World War—Generals Luigi Capello and Tito Zaniboni, who made an unsuccessful attempt on Mussolini's life and got thirty years.

Unnamed, their fate still doubtful, are scores of so-called *confinati di polizia*, political transgressors held in police custody, or confined to their homes without the formality of a public trial.

With the aid of the press, this show of mercy was turned to the prestige of Fascism and to helping consolidate the Fascist State by virtually eliminating suffrage. For altho the Chamber of Deputies is the legislative body, actually, the National Council of Corporations exercises lawmaking powers. At the last elections (1934), the Council submitted four-fifths of the names from which the Fascist Grand Council selected 400 Deputies, whom the electorate was merely asked to approve. *Il Duce's* latest plan is to do away with the elections and empower the National Council to elect its members directly.

Stress—On the first of next month, the Fascist Grand Council will meet to decide on this and many other vital issues, for the acquisition of Ethiopia has not served to relieve economic stress in Italy. *Il Duce* will report on the progress toward his goal of "high ideal tension," on the advantages to be reaped from support of the Insurgent cause against Spain's Loyalist Government, and on the recent spurt of close cooperation with the Reich. Adverse may be the news that Bulgaria is being fondled by members of the Balkan and Little Ententes, that Austrian papers have been saying complimentary things about Great Britain and drawing closer to the Nazis; that the birth-rate campaign has been a failure, the rate declining from a top of thirty-two babies per thousand inhabitants before the War to fewer than 22.2 this year; and that, finally, the budget deficit would have to be balanced through more and more short-term bonds.



Underwood

Zaniboni: attempt on a dictator's life imprisoned him, birth of a throne's heir may bring respite

"Many people are wondering," Arnaldo Cortesi cabled the New York *Times* from Rome, "whether Doctor Schuschnigg's speech (barring *anschluss* with the Reich and advocating a plebiscite on the return of the Hapsburgs) last Sunday and his journey to Italy mean the Nazi campaign to annex Austria is again becoming intense. If so, Italo-German friendship, which most persons always regarded as a mere truce, will be definitely ended."

"Fascism has lost its glamour, and Mussolini himself has lost much of his strange power," W. Walter Crotch comments in the February issue of *Current History*. "To gather together the crowd of 100,000 which recently cheered him on the great cathedral square of Milan, special trains had to be run from all parts of the country—even from far-off Calabria; and Milan is a city of 1,000,000 inhabitants."

SWISS LATINS: Engadine Valley Folk Plead For Official Language Status

Twenty years before a birth at Bethlehem fixed a day as number one in the modern calendar, clanking Roman legions in what were then the Rhaetian Mountains were creating a predicament which is worrying Switzerland in 1937.

Up and down tramped the Romans, climbing from what would one day be the Plains of Lombardy into a high, straight, level valley from half a mile to a mile wide and twenty-six miles long, spreading out at its upper end into what would one day be a collection of swank hotels, the world's most popular frolicking ground for devotees of ski and slalom, St. Moritz.

So lovely was the valley, its bright, thin air so stimulating after the heavy heat of Rome, that Legionnaires ending their "hitches" in the armies of Drusus and Tiberius settled there, established families, left descendants. Tho Teutonic and other invaders later swept up and down in the narrow trough between the mountains, these settlers never wholly lost the Latin language.

Loyal Swiss to-day, some 44,000 of the valley people still use a tongue, once Roman, now Romansch, come down to them directly from the camp-fires of the Cæsars. Wars, political and religious, have swept over them during the centuries, changing them but little. In 1367, their allegiance was to a League of God's House, (*Gotteshausbund*); and their language took on a little German.

Less than a century later, the valley was a fief of the Bishop of Coire, actually ruled by his bailiffs, the Planta family, from whom it won its freedom in 1486, to become a member of a Rhaetian League. One after another, three Rhaetian Leagues dissolved or crumbled until, in 1803, the valley, now the Engadine Valley, entered the Helvetic Republic, which, in 1815, became "The Swiss Confederation."

In its three official languages, French, German and Italian, what we call Switzerland is, respectively *Confederation Suisse*, *Schweizerische Eidgenossenschaft* and *Confederazione Svizzeria*. Its State documents, official publications, its bank-notes are printed in all three languages. Its schoolchildren are taught all three and generally English as well.

Last week, special trains bore hundreds of the Romansch people to a great mass meeting in the Town Hall of Zurich, in German-speaking Switzerland. (Meetings in their own valley netted no publicity).

Amendment—In Zurich, after oceans of oratory demonstrating the noble sonority and honorable origin of their tongue, they demanded a constitutional amendment—to be placed before the people next autumn—making theirs, as well as the other three languages, "official."

Fifty thousand qualified voters must sign petitions demanding the amendment before the plea will be recognized; and it must be approved by a majority of the total vote as well.

As Switzerland's population is almost 4,000,000; and the canton of the *Grisons*, (Graubunden in German) the only one in which Romansch is spoken, numbers only 126,000 souls, the chances that tourists will see guide-posts in anything closely resembling Latin are fairly slim.

Because of specialization in languages in the public schools, all three official languages are familiar to most Swiss citizens. Technically, however, the last census (1930) listed 2,924,314 as German-speaking, 831,100 as French-speaking, 241,985 as Italian-speaking. Only 44,204 spoke Romansch.

WINDSOR'S DREAM: Lord Brownlow Explains Edward's "Depressed Area" Proposals

At Enzesfeld Castle, it was revealed last week, the Duke of Windsor has listened in nightly for the broadcasts of Parliament's debates, hoping against hope that something would be done about his pet scheme for British unemployed.

On his historic trip to the depressed areas of Wales last November, when he tramped ten miles among unemployed miners and often heard their stories with tears in his eyes, former King Edward gave them a solemn promise: "Something shall be done." The journey, taken against the

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advice of his Ministers, outraged Westminster lobbies and, many believe, touched off agitation over his love for Mrs. Simpson which forced him from the throne.

Almost up to the moment of his abdication, however, the former monarch had worked on a plan he believed might make good his promise. He had heard of it, according to Boake Carter, radio news commentator, from Morton Travers, engineer, amateur economist and once an officer in the Guards. Back in 1908, ten years before Communism swept Russia, Travers began small-scale operations in a Siberian mine. In that desolate land, hundreds of jobless trooped to him in search of work. Within a month, 3,500 men of a dozen nationalities had gathered round the pit-head—far too many for Travers's project.

Touched because some of the men arrived half-starved and almost too weak to walk, the engineer set up a communal organization to feed and clothe them. He gave them their food free, and bought at a standard rate the eggs, poultry, feathers and manure they produced.

Black Areas—In Britain late last year, Travers decided that his scheme might help the Black Areas. He succeeded in getting it to Edward's attention, and the former King, tremendously intrigued, called in his experts.

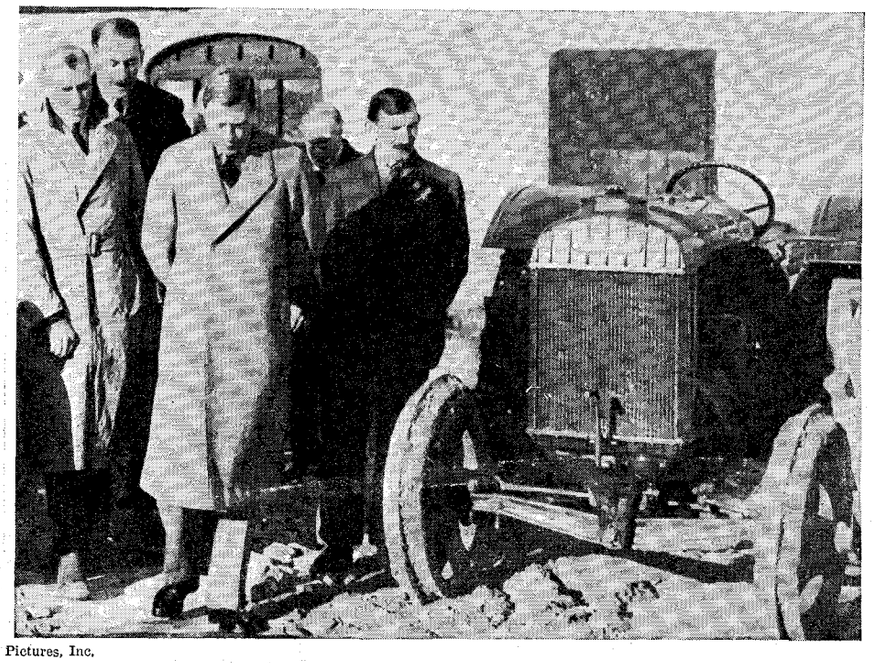
Together they worked over the project, improved it, and the night before he left for the Continent Edward forwarded it to the Minister of Labor, Ernest Brown. That official saw that it dealt with farm products, and gladly passed the buck to the Ministry of Agriculture. There it met the fate of the ex-King's other scorching attacks on government inertia—and landed in the first convenient pigeonhole.

While it gathered dust the royal exile continued to listen for news of the debate which never came. Finally he asked Lord Brownlow, who was about to return to London after an Austrian visit, to look into the matter for him. Brownlow reported that nothing would be done about it.

Chances Slim—Indeed, chances for any large relief appropriation looked slim, since Britain is planning to raise a $2,000,000,000 loan for defense in addition to the $5,500,000,000 fund already called for. Clement R. Attlee, Labor leader, characterized the defense scheme as "very serious—unprecedented in time of peace."

Meanwhile Lord Brownlow had other worries than the fate of the ex-ruler's Welsh project. The young man who accompanied Mrs. Simpson on her wild flight to Cannes was making mild, vague rejoinders to the "foolish, ill-informed gossip" that journey had let him in for. Addressing the Junior Chamber of Commerce at Lincoln, he protested: "It (the gossip) is undermining my position to a certain extent, and I think it only right to put the facts forward.

Difficulty—"Within a few months of my appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Lincolnshire, I became involved in public events of great difficulty and great misfortune and sorrow. . . . I do not intend to refer to the recent difficult position in which I found myself. My duties in this country and abroad require no explanation. I do not propose to justify them or apologize for them. It is not necessary. If I have my critics, and I know I have one or two, I would suggest they search their conscience and inquire into their own standards of life and friendship, and there find the answer."



Pictures, Inc.

Edward's promise to Wales, "something must be done," pigeonholed in Ministry of Agriculture

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Brownlow continued, did not mean him when he spoke of Edward's "social circle whose standards and ways of life are alien to all the best instincts of his people."

Lord Brownlow's duties do not force him, like the Duke's rotating equerries, to spend every third month at Enzesfeld. They are Col. Piers Legh, who accompanied the ex-King from England, Com. Charles Edward Lambe, and Maj. Edward Dudley Metcalfe—"Fruity" to His Royal Highness.

Metcalfe, a handsome Irishman with a rich brogue, shared the Prince of Wales's gay American visit which, according to the London weekly *Cavalcade*, aroused such fiery reports at home that there had to be a scapegoat. So Metcalfe went to India. Perhaps angered by stories that some of the ex-King's closest friends were shunning him in exile for fear of reprisals at home, Metcalfe went to Enzesfeld proudly. "I would rather a thousand times serve him now," he said, "than when he was King."

NO RESTRAINT IN SPAIN:

Nation Torn by Civil War Has Long Been Divided

Asked which he favored of the two chief factions into which the Civil War has divided Spain, Miguel de Unamuno, famous writer and poet, answered shortly before his recent death:

"I am for restraint."

But there has been little restraint. For more than seven months, Spain has been split along several lines: Loyalists against Insurgents; Anarchists and Communists against Royalists and the clergy; Catalonia and the Basque Provinces howling for autonomy, and landowners against peasants.

Last week, the battle for the capture of Madrid became so intensified that the world wondered what a victorious Rebel command would do once the fanatical champions of Marxism and the Left in general fell under its rule. For, a week previously, news leaked out that fully 150,000 men, women and children had walked afoot 100 miles to escape Insurgent vengeance when Generalissimo Francisco Franco's dark-skinned Moors and Foreign Legionnaires captured Malaga.

Only a year ago, Spaniards hailed democratic rule rather than military power. As a result of the election held on February 16, 1936, the Spanish electorate, made up of slightly more than 13,000,000 male and female voters twenty-three years of age or over, returned 266 representatives for the Left; 142 for the Right; and sixty-five for the Center. The Right included the Agrarian Populist Party, made up of Catholic nationalists with strong monarchist leanings; the Agrarian Party, also Catholic and conservative; the Traditionalist Party, Carlists opposed to the return of Alfonso XIII; the *Renovacion Española*, intensely Catholic and reactionary with an avowed program of returning Alfonso XIII to the throne; and the Independents, reactionaries who stood aloof from other Right parties.

The Center included the Radical Party, which favored reforms through regular legal processes; the Conservative Republicans, Catholic and conservative; and the Liberal Democrats, conservative.

The Left was split into Socialists, Radical Democrats; the Left Republicans, and the Catalonian *Esquerra*, strongly radical and regionalist.

Azana—In his Cabinet, Premier Azana, a Left Republican, did not include a single member of the extreme Left, Socialists or Communists; his Ministers were all members of the Republican Union and Left Parties.

Three months later, Azana was elected President, and the Cabinet was again put in moderate Left control.

Meanwhile, however, with elimination of the former Republican Government, whose policy was conservative and based on Catholic and Royalist support, the people again flared up in a series of strikes.

The Anarcho-Syndicalists, whose philosophy of scorning all discipline is bred

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of centuries of disillusionment with the ruling classes, were growing fast, especially in Catalonia.

Fascists—In the meantime, Antonio de Rivera's Fascists were equally busy, sowing the seeds of discontent against the Government and siding with the Right in denouncing its inaction.

On July 12, José Castillo, a member of the Shock Police, was murdered by the Fascists; the following day, a group of that body entered the home of Calvo Sotelo, Fascist, and "took him for a ride."

That was the signal for a rebellion, obviously organized months before by members of the Right with the aid of ranking Army officers who, in Spain, form "one officer for every ten other ranks, as compared with one officer for every twenty other ranks in the French Army," according to Carlos Prieto ("Spanish Front": Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd.).

On July 17, Gen. Francisco Franco launched a revolt of the Spanish Legion, which he commanded, and Morocco quickly fell under his control. Gathering together some 9,000 Moors and 13,000 Foreign Legionnaires, he smuggled them across the Straits of Gibraltar and landed them in Cadiz. Swiftly the revolt spread to the Balearic and Canary Islands, while Gen. Emilio Mola marched on Madrid from Pamplona, northern stronghold of monarchists and clericals.

Militia—The Government lost some 90 per cent. of its officers through desertions, but retained a small part of the Civil Guard and about 17,000 Assault Guards. Immediately the Cabinet decreed the recruiting of a popular militia of 50,000 effectives. That same month, Gen. Miguel Cabanellas formed a provisional Insurgent Government at Burgos, in the North, and by August 1 it became known that Italy and Germany were sending troops and ammunition to the Rebels.

Only one victory was clinched by the Loyalists in the early success of the Rebels. General Mola's troops were effectively stopped at the Guadarrama Mountains, north of Madrid. But the Insurgent southern and northern forces came together when Badajoz, west of Madrid—gateway to Portugal, through which most Rebel purchases of arms and war supplies came—was captured.

Irun and St. Sebastian, summer resorts on the Bay of Biscay, fell to the Rebels by the middle of September, thus closing the Loyalist artery of communication with France in that direction.

Alcazar—A dramatic incident was furnished by the siege against 1,400 Rebels—men, women and children—in the ancient Moorish fortress of Alcazar, Toledo. For seventy days, Loyalist Militiamen bombed, dynamited and machine-gunned this stronghold, until the victorious Moors entered Toledo on September 27 and rescued the survivors.

Three days later, General Franco was named Chief of the Government of the Spanish State by the Rebel *Junta* at Burgos, which threw in the title "Generalissimo of the National Forces of Land, Sea and Air" for good measure.

At Oviedo, in the Asturias, miners for days beleaguered the Insurgents and fired the town with dynamite sticks, but their efforts proved inconclusive, for they were repeatedly driven back by the better-equipped Rebels.

Early in October, having despaired of taking Madrid from the north, General Franco began an encircling movement. Fearing capture, the Government, now headed by Largo Caballero, withdrew to Valencia on the eastern Mediterranean coast, removing with it most of the art and gold treasures, which at the beginning of the war totaled almost $750,000,000.

Slaughter—Both sides were accused of slaughtering captives, giving and expecting no quarter; both sides leaned heavily on foreign aid—the Loyalists largely on Russia, whose Ambassador openly espoused their cause; the Insurgents on Germany and Italy, which defied the International Non-Intervention Committee of London and sent General Franco most of his war supplies and "volunteers." As for these latter, at midnight Saturday, the Powers, repeatedly driven to the edge of war by their conflicting Spanish sympathies, finally clamped down a ban on foreign enlistments, and arranged for international control of Spain's borders. Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Belgium, Sweden, Czechoslovakia and Greece agreed to a blockade on men and arms effective March 6, and momentarily expected the Soviet's adherence.

France and Russia, which had contributed most of the 35,000 men in the Loyalist International Brigade, feared the step had come too late.

The issue of the Civil War remained the ability of beleaguered, hungry Madrid to hold out against Insurgent forces swelled by 10,000 Germans and 50,000 Italians.

DIGBETH STATION: Birmingham Police College Attracts Studious Cops

Throbbing heart of Britain's Black Country, biggest vertebra in the backbone of Britain's industrial empire is Birmingham.

Short of police in 1919 because its most robust young men had for four years gone for another kind of patrol duty across the channel, the city enlarged an old police school in existence since 1839, began training from 200 to 300 new men a year.

Six-foot, blue-eyed, gray-mustached Cecil C. H. Moriarty, born in County Kerry, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, former District Inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary, thought of his job as only a local project as he reformed the school.

Reputation—But as Birmingham's porcelains, needles, saddles, automobiles, windlasses and "Oriental" curios found their way to far corners of the world, so, quietly, spread the reputation of her police school.

Without advertising, without publicity, word spread in South America, Africa, Europe and Asia that accredited policemen could be sent to Birmingham with profit to themselves and their communities for graduate work.

Last week, in addition to the small local "student body," such graduate students numbered: From Kashmir one, from Irak six, from Hyderabad one, from Malta four, from India seven, from Yugoslavia one, from Egypt six, from China two, from Afghanistan seven, from Siam six, and from Colombia and the Malay States one each.

Wonder—Skies reddened by night by incandescent blasts of foundries cause the eyes of newly-arrived "students" to pop with wonder. Long rows of dingy brick working-class slums—slums, as English sociologists admit bitterly, "built to last," shock them, at first, by day. But soon they learn that the Black Country has near-by green borders doubly beautiful because of their proximity to the belching chimneys.

Sightseeing finished, the foreign students find their way to the sprawling old three-story red-stone Digbeth Police Station with its five-story corner tower, headquarters of the school.

Nothing less imposing could be imagined than the three classrooms with rough ink-spattered tables one yard by three, and with benches attached to each side, penitentiary fashion. Old and never painted, the benches and tables have

Wide World

Crumbling Spain knows no restraint: infant scavengers add a scooter to their loot

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taken on the drab patina of Birmingham, plus such added grime as has been ground into them by the elbows and posteriors of nearly five thousand graduates and an even larger number of aspirants "busted" as not worth the trouble of teaching.

Because of the steady trickle of students from far corners of the world, fantastic legends have gone out about the school, legends that it teaches mysterious methods of policing head-hunters in Ceylon and Celibes, Dacoits in Madras and the Indies, voodoo devotees and fanatics in African jungles.

Text-Books—Nothing roils Chief Constable Moriarty more than tales like these. The text-books he wrote for the school are "Police Law" and "Police Procedure and Administration"; and these, plus an arithmetic, are the only books used by either local or foreign pupils.

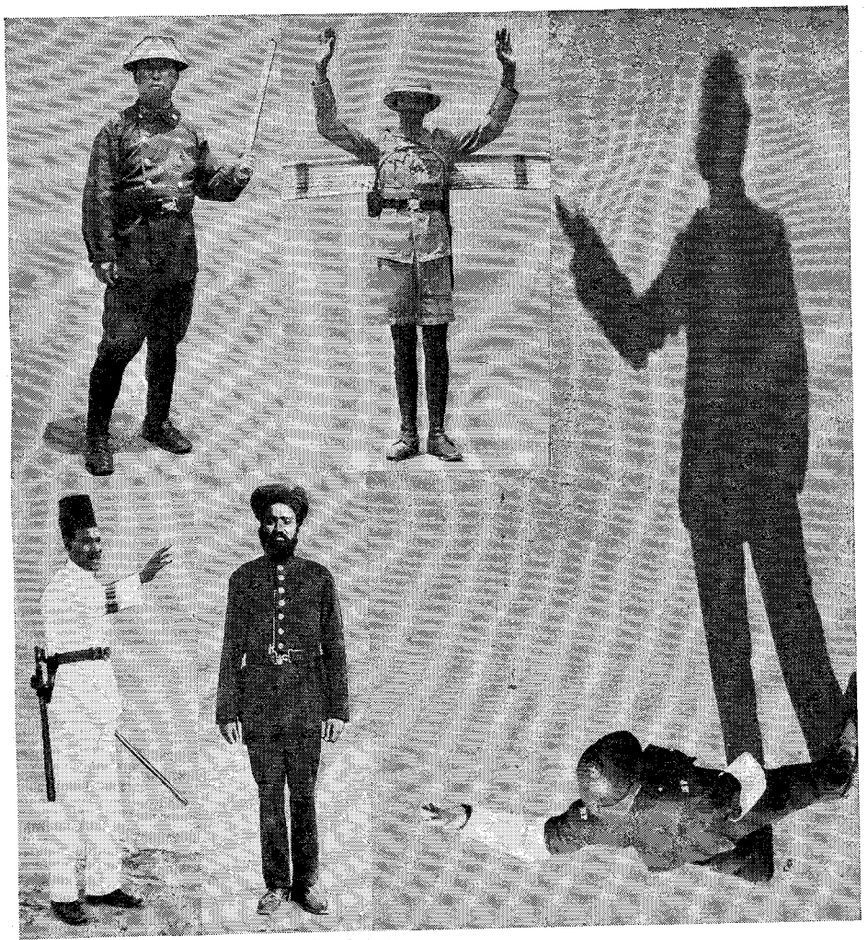
Not how to assume a disguise and trail steel-clawed Liberian hinterland "tiger-men" to their bloody lairs, nor how to black up and dance about Nigerian sacrificial bonfires, but how to organize, discipline and administer a city police force is the lesson learned over the Digbeth Station tables.

Ten weeks of hard grubbing at how to keep police records, how to drill new policemen, how to teach first aid, how to make certain of identifications, how to collect and present evidence that will make arrests stick in court, and allied subjects are the meat of the course.

Conditioning—Gymnasium work in the 50-by-100-foot gym keeps the men from going classroom stale; and with the regular gym work goes a little boxing and such simple wrestling holds as might conceivably come handy to a policeman on active duty. Nearest approach to the Oriental and jungle mysteries of the legend are the practise of a few grips and twists from Japan's *ju-jutsu*. Swimming is also taught; and two evenings a week each student accompanies a regular Birmingham policeman on his beat for practical work.

Tho Chief Constable Moriarty was, in his youth (he is now sixty), an international Rugby player, he permits no sports of any description among his students because injury might keep them from classes.

Best known among the graduates was Mukerji, from India, "blackest man we ever had," who won the King's Police Medal and later was murdered in Calcutta during an attempt to assassinate the Viceroy of India, whose bodyguard he was. Known also is Yukon Feng-ma, who later became Dean of the Police Academy at Hangchow, China, and author of a book in Chinese on English police methods and laws.



Burton Holmes from Ewing Galloway, Wide World, Acme

In the shadow of England's police school: graduates in China, Singapore, Egypt and India

CHIANGS' VIRTUES:

China's Uplift Movement Programmed to Aid Chinese Youth

Three years ago last week, sloe-eyed, shaven-headed Chiang Kai-shek, and Wellesley-educated, wealthy-familied Mme. Chiang, started an uplift campaign in Nanchang, ancient walled Capital of Kiangsi Province.

In plain private soldier's uniform, but in a bower of paper roses, more paper roses strung along the tin footlights, Chiang made a speech. Flanked by men of his Army, he launched the New Life Movement into a big microphone hung in a two-foot brass hoop.

The low state of China's four hundred millions he described as "spiritlessness." He lamented that "officials tend to be dishonest and avaricious, the masses undisciplined and callous, the adults ignorant and corrupt, the youth degraded and intemperate, the rich extravagant, the poor mean and disorderly."

Basis—In his best uplift manner, he called for a renovation based on *li* (courtesy), *i* (service to fellow men), *lien* (honesty and respect for the rights of others) and *ch'ih* (high-mindedness), "ancient virtues which made the Chinese Nation great in remote times."

"*Li, i, lien* and *ch'ih*," he said, "must be applied to ordinary matters such as food, clothing, shelter and action."

Mme. Chiang was made head of the Women's Section of the N.L.M. and has since had most of the publicity.

Intended only as a local clean-up campaign, the movement, according to Chiang enthusiasts, "spread like wild-fire; swept the whole nation." Earliest photographs show citizens armed with brooms made of roots sweeping gutters inside Nanchang's twenty-two miles of 900-year-old walls—walls famous because no enemy had ever scaled them. (They got in without having to scale them. Chiang himself was last captor of the city in 1926.)

"Cleanliness weeks" followed in Nanking, Peiping and other cities, busy photographers snapping laughing government officials and policemen stirring the dust of centuries. "Sanitary brigades," with bands, flags and Sam Browne-belted officers, marched in review like armies, were uniformed as such. Long rows of white-gowned brides, the bridegrooms in archaic black student gowns, paraded to altars as part of the N.L.M.

Changes—"All over China," writes Walter Hamming Chen, Research Fellow of the Council of International Affairs, "there is no more wandering or shuffling about the street, no stopping in the middle of the road, no gaping about and no blocking of traffic. . . . Smoking in the streets is considered undesirable and slovenly. . . . Spitting in public places calls for a reprimand, not from the police, but from the followers of the N.L.M. . . . Rudeness and vulgar manners have been, or are being, eliminated. . . . The gambling evil has been suppressed. Opium smoking is gradually disappearing. Bribery, extortion and 'squeeze' (ancient system of graft practised by rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief), generally find no place among government officials. Even the poorest . . . enjoys justice. . . . The people are happy and hopeful. They have been given a New Deal."

Not so overwhelmingly optimistic is the originator of the movement.

"It is a gigantic task for the New Life Movement to wipe out the backward conditions of society by a wild storm and to supply the community with vitality and the right spirit by a gentle breeze," said he.

Results—Nevertheless, champions of the N.L.M. assert that it has brought complete punctuality to China's railway systems.

The Generalissimo complained only last week that when he asked the Station

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Master at Tungkwan the time of departure of the next train for Loyang, the S. M. replied that he did not know, that nobody knew, that no one could even guess.

Chiang himself, to foreign missionaries a saint, "who always carries a Bible with him," is to more cynical foreign business men "just another Chinaman using power and lofty phrases to line his pockets." To them it is an open secret that while he is outwardly campaigning against the opium traffic he is also getting a fat cut from opium sales in the Foreign Concessions at Shanghai.

Dr. Lin Yutang, whose "My Country and My People," is judged by no less than Pearl Buck to be one of the greatest books on China, observes slily:

"An American professor . . . lecturing in the Chinese colleges was completely surprized by the burst of laughter among the student audiences whenever he made a perfectly serious reference to the New Life Movement. If he had made a serious reference to the Anti-Opium Bureaus, he would have been met by a still louder burst of . . . laughter."

Harrison Brown, of the London *News-Chronicle,* writes after crossing Shansi, supposedly a "model" Province: "Poppy-growing has been revived. . . . Missionaries tell me that 60 per cent. of the male population is addicted to opium smoking. . . . The Government itself sells 'anti-opium pills' which are 10 per cent. preventive and 90 per cent. opium. . . ."

Not Changed—To foreigners in the more modern Treaty Ports along the coast, China still reeks mustily of old fruit and vegetables, and of more pungent aromas. The sweet sickish smell of opium smoke still drifts through the streets of Canton. Women still bathe (when they bathe them at all) four or five children in the streets in the same small tubs of water; and men squat in the open with minute, dirty rags, washing their arms, knees, and finally their faces, from bowls holding scarcely a quart. Stenches overhang the crowded river *sampans* in which families live their whole lives through.

But to return to the New Life Movement, Historian Chen insists that "Nanchang . . . was quickly transformed into a new city. Over a thousand kilometers (625 miles) of new highway were constructed. Hundreds of new schools were opened on a cheap but efficient basis, the aim being to strike out illiteracy. New streets were built, new parks opened. The lake was silted and innumerable new buildings were erected."

From Kaifen, Capital of Honan Province, the same chronicler reports "unbounded enthusiasm . . . the staff of the Provincial Government, neatly attired, gathered . . . at half-past 5 every morning, to attend the flag-raising ceremony. Managers of theaters, in order to avoid overcrowding . . . have introduced the seat-booking system. . . . The Movement has likewise won . . . owners of barber-shops, restaurants and bath-houses. Barbers refuse to do business with any persons wishing to have their hair curled or artificially waved."

Vice Gone—In Canton, he writes: "Gambling is no more . . . not even *mah jong.* . . . In former days one could not go to a hotel without being pestered by women of ill fame. Now . . . these women have disappeared."

As to Peiping, ancient Capital of the Empire: "Cabarets, dance-halls and mixed bathing have been abolished . . . as detrimental to the morals of the younger classes." In Tsinan, "girl students use no make-up; and their clothing is simple in comparison with the stylish clothing . . . in the Treaty Ports."

Latest triumph: News reports tell of Tai Shuang-chiu, professor at Shanghai who divorced two wives because they would not wear cotton dresses. To a twenty-three-year-old student, his next, he put: (1) Will you obey your husband? (2) Will you wear native head-dress? and (3) Will you refrain from interfering with your husband's activities and not ask questions?"

She answered "Yes."

Literary Digest drawing

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek heads China's uplift campaign to restore ancient virtues to modern women

FOREIGN FLASHES

Berlin — Shoulder-swinging, 200-pound Parisian-American tooth-puller James V. Sparks was embarrassed here last week. In official programs and in the German press, he was described as "President of the American Legion"; and the German public was led to believe that the great American veterans' organization was sufficiently enthusiastic about Naziism to send its No. 1 veteran to be guest of Chancellor Hitler and General Goering.

"Commander of the Department of France," meaning of the handful of doughboys who never went home, Sparks and two other Paris Americans (one typewriter merchant, one press agent) junketed to Berlin as "delegates" to an "International Veterans' Congress" numbering in all fifty-one foreign delegates. Neither Sparks's disclaimer of the title of "President" of the whole Legion, nor a cabled correction from Legion headquarters at Indianapolis changed Sparks's listing. Its propaganda value to the Hitlerites was immense.

* * *

Vienna—Prince Ernst Rudiger von Starhemberg, former Vice-Chancellor of Austria, has, with legal help, ejected his mother, the white-haired and energetic Princess Fanny Starhemberg, from an apartment she occupied in her son's house. Austria's representative on feminist questions at Geneva, the princess continued to collaborate with Chancellor Schuschnigg after the latter drove Starhemberg from his Cabinet and from command of the Fatherland Front.

* * *

Lobtasi, Bechuanaland Protectorate, South Africa—Chiefs of the Bamangwato and Banwaketse tribes scraped up $600 to bring loud-speakers from Johannesburg that 500 tribesmen who had followed them by train, on foot, by car and bicycle, might squat outside the court-room and hear the chiefs' suit contesting decrees of the British High-Commissioner. Only fifty could squeeze into the court-room. Because of foot-and-mouth disease among their herds, the tribes, almost wholly pastoral, have been prohibited from exporting cattle.

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Parade

Parisian *café* sitters, ever anxious to enjoy a laugh at leading political figures, guffawed loudly last week. In the new Casino de Paris revue, starring Maurice Chevalier, **Premier Léon Blum**, Minister of Defense Edouard Daladier, and Edouard Herriot, Radical Socialist leader, were depicted in the nude as the three political graces. Bristling with curious indignation, police requested the management to return to ordinary studies in the nude.

* * *

"In England we do not have your custom of shaking hands," said **Hilaire Belloc,** English essayist, visiting lecturer. "It must be very hard for your public men. I don't know why people go in for public life anyway. It seems to me like buying one dollar for 150 cents. Some, to be sure, like the notoriety, but one can get that in other ways, like committing a murder. . . ."

* * *

Every time some one in the business of female beauty gives reasons for his choice, protests boom from coast to coast. Last week, **Arthur O'Neill**, photographer of magazine-cover girls, released two broadsides on pulchritude. First, he found the nose the most important feature of the face, chose Barbara Beckwith, Katherine McLaughlin, Frances Donelon and Frances Joyce as examples. Then O'Neill further angered the beauty legions by stating that the best lookers come from the Midwest.

* * *

Amateur psychologists at **Westminster College** in Pennsylvania have been delving into the problem of dreams. They find that women dream more, remember their dreams more vividly. They deny that dreams forecast future events or that food brings on horrible sleep sessions. Armed with perfume bottles, they made experiments. One girl dreamed she was buying perfume, another that she was driving on a road lined with magnolia-trees in full bloom.

* * *

Living through her thirty-ninth birthday, **Katharine Cornell,** one of America's leading stage actresses, denied she had any glamour. "When I'm on the stage," she said, "I just act. I don't know the technical terms for it. For an interview, tho, I always read a book—Stanislawski or somebody like that—and I remember some of the things in it for a while. It makes me sound clever, and I know I can't be making any mistakes, because I repeat, word for word."

* * *

If **Joe E. Brown** and **Martha Raye,** screen funsters, ever attempt to outtalk, outyell and/or outsmile each other, there'll be new clauses in Hollywood contracts about lockjaw. At the moment, however, all is rosy, as Brown is satisfied with his new Radio Pictures contract, preparing to see his Kansas City baseball team train. And Miss Raye, comparative newcomer, is set on the radio and screen with an ever-increasing following.

* * *

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, famous English actress and leading Piccadilly tongue-wagger off-stage, was asked how she liked Greta Garbo in "Camille." She said: "Very lovely, indeed. I liked especially the way she died in an upright position. Most natural, don't you know! Poor girl, she can't laugh. I hope she'll learn how some day!"

* * *

Annoyed by persistent letters about his bills, an Olean, New York, citizen recently sent the following warning to **Erwin M. Forbush,** credit man: "Each Saturday night I make out a separate slip for the amount owed each of my creditors. These I put in a hat and draw out one slip. That bill I pay immediately. So, one more letter out of you like the last and I take you out of my Saturday night raffle."

* * *

When slang is original, it's "okey-doke"; when it becomes trite, it's the "nerts." So believes **Dr. B. A. Botkin,** University of Oklahoma English professor. "Streamlined grammar, or slang, is as old as the proverbial hills," he declared. "Shakespeare used plenty of slang and Carl Sandburg has it in his latest book." All current variations of "oh, yeah," "so's your old man," "I'll tell the world," "hot mama," "hot stuff," "hot-cha" and "hot papa" are particularly repulsive to Botkin.

* * *

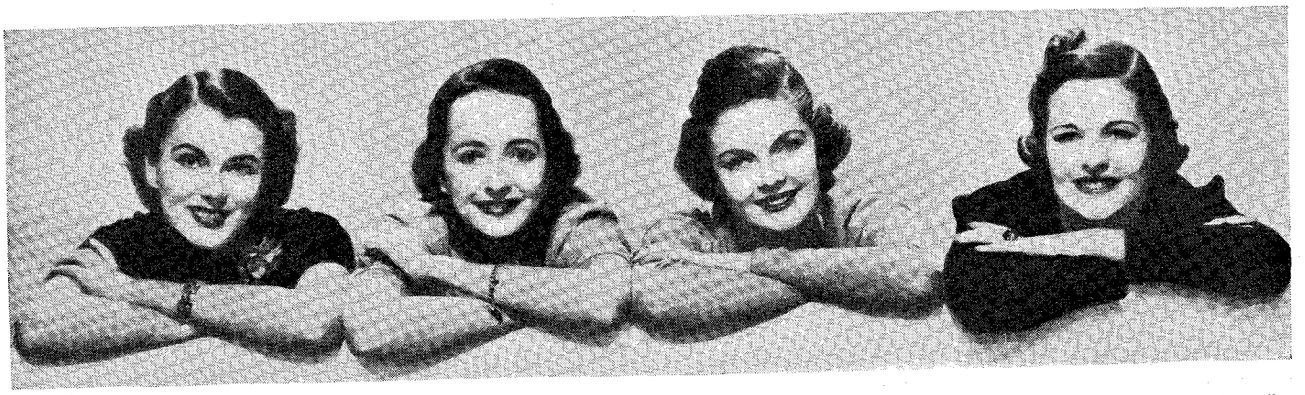
Wo to unlucky radio entertainers and overambitious amateurs if the latest gadget of **Dr. Nevil Monroe Hopkins** becomes popular! This inventor, also President of National Electric Ballots, has announced a new what-not which allows the radio listener to signal back to the broadcasting station, indicating "yea" or "nay" to a program. One advantage in the device to broadcasters is that it will show how many persons are tuning in on a program. For the present, however, large-scale use is impractical, say the officials of broadcasting stations.

Pictures Inc.

Equal awards go to Joe E. Brown and . . .

Pictures Inc.

Martha Raye in a loud-mouth-stretch contest



Pictures Inc.

It's the noses that count for Barbara Beckwith, Katherine McLaughlin, Frances Donelon and Frances Joyce, "All-American Beauty Model Team"

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FOOT NOTES FOR THE FAMILY FEET

Pedal Ills Hit Girls More Than Boys, Podiatrist Conclave Hears

My Feet, they haul me round the house:
They hoist me up the Stairs:
I only have to steer them and
They ride me everywheres.
—Gelett Burgess.

That is the average American's happy-go-lucky conception of the nether extremities as he (or she) trudges through life for a total of 65,000 miles—two and a half times around the world—pinching them in ill-fitting shoes, pushing them to toe-aching endurance, scarcely giving a thought to their hygienic needs.

It is the chief reason why nine out of ten persons after fifty have foot defects to-day; why 65 per cent. of the boys and 80 per cent. of the girls in schools have foot ills; and why there are as many as 8,000,000 flatfoot sufferers. It is the reason why there are so many spinal, abdominal and nervous disorders of the body, for these defects, in turn, are indirectly responsible. For instance, recent examinations of male college students showed that 40 per cent. had foot troubles capable of producing dangerous symptoms or of limiting the individual's normal activity.

Health Shoes—To pay for generations of notorious foot neglect, Americans are now spending hundreds of millions of dollars annually on 850 "corrective" or health shoes and upon scores of foot devices, handing out millions more to the 8,000 chiropodists and podiatrists in the nation.

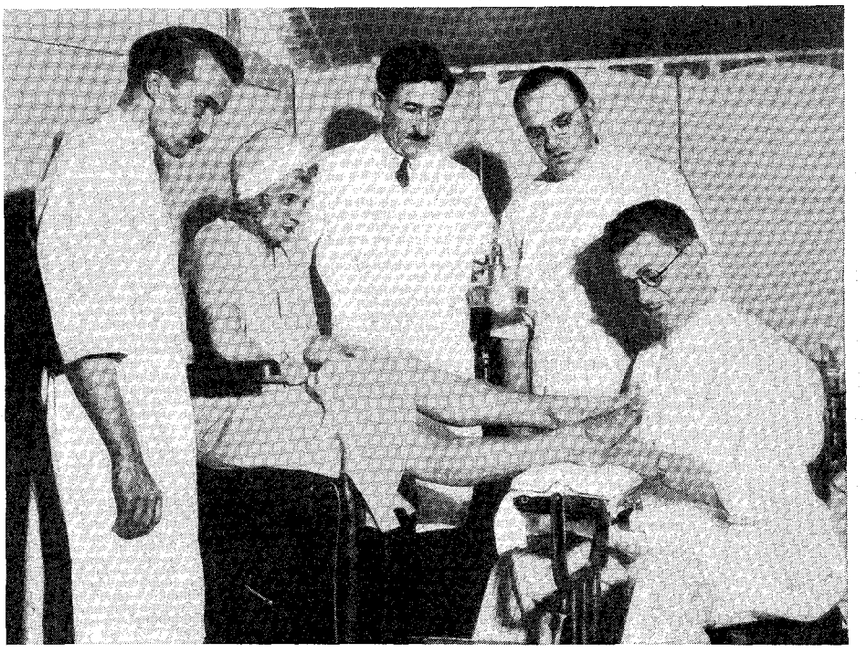
Out of a simple corn cutter's trade of a generation ago has been born from these defects a new medical culture and a small-sized industry making special machinery, instruments and appliances. From the old-time corns, callouses, bunions and ingrown nails, the number of foot maladies has jumped to seventy-three. Sprung from the pioneer chisel-shaped corn knife is a glittering array of surgical instruments, X-ray, ultra short-wave equipment, compressor elongators, tendo muscle stretchers and other fantastic apparatus. More impressive still, the itinerant London corn cutter of 1785 who coined the word chiropodist* had grown into a profession requiring college training which is admitted to clinics and hospitals.

Survey—Five hundred of the most influential eastern chiropodists, podiatrists and physicians sat down at the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Massachusetts Chiropody Association in Boston's Hotel Statler this week to review this rich history, listen to reports telling of increased foot sickness.

Original chiropodist of the United States was Nehemiah Kenison, a Bostonian, who began practising in 1835 following a trip through the South. Surprized by the crude methods of doctors in removing corns, he pocketed an acid softener and a bone instrument, made the rounds of corn sufferers in Boston homes, mills, shops. In 1840 he opened in Boston the nation's first podiatrist office.

Ably carrying on the family tradition to-day is tall, bespectacled grandnephew Dr. Harry Parker Kenison, fifty-nine. From this distinguished fellow delegate, the convention listened with great interest to the rapid strides of the profession since the days of Great-Uncle Kenison. Doctor Kenison said that in addition to the multitude of direct diseases of the feet to-day, there were fifty-one systemic or constitutional ills involving the extremities.

Keeping Pace—Scientific progress was, however, keeping pace. One of the latest instruments, he disclosed, was the short-wave or sinusoidal current for rejuvenating weakened muscular structure of the feet.



Acme

Polly Walters, Broadway star, exhibits perfect feet to Doctors Frank Carleton, Arthur Morley, J. Lelyveld, C. B. Tirmar, notable chiropodists

Its use may put an end to the cold feet of the past, as treatment produces internal heat which reestablishes circulation in the limbs, slowed up with the strain of years.

As the convention got under way, chief discussion soon centered upon prevention of foot defects by means of such new inventions and the perfection of children's footwear—fetish of modern podiatrists. Squared-toed socks for little feet were described as a solution for bunions and ingrown nails hitherto caused by short, pointed-toe hosiery. A rediscovery in the designing of children's shoes by using the pliable skin of goat for upper leather and flexible leather soles was seen as a way to end common foot ills.

For the first time, a noiseless heel suitable for children's shoes was demonstrated.

Foot Growth—It takes twenty years to grow a foot, and therein lies the reason why podiatrists lose sleep over children's feet and shoes. At birth as perfect as nature can make it, the foot changes by the year from the soft, bony masses of babyhood to the adult extremity with its twenty-six bones of various shapes and sizes. The arch does not appear until the age of four, and the general structure does not form until ten, after which the foot of a child changes in size every sixteen to twenty weeks.

According to Dr. Joseph Lelyveld, noted Rockland, Massachusetts, child foot specialist, the style of shoes has a direct bearing upon feet, gait, posture and health of children. He blames neglected infantile feet for most adult foot disorders.

Ironically enough, Doctor Lelyveld in a survey found that children of the poorer classes were better shod because their parents bought cheap, bargain-sale shoes, which wore out quickly and were discarded.

Best Build—The best shoes for children or adults, in his opinion, are supple just in front of the instep, both in sole and upper. For sport or play, they should be flexible, light but strong enough to bear active feet, give them plenty of ventilation. To-day, there is more sanity all around in picking and wearing footgear, podiatrists reported to the convention. As a result, many of the 103,300,000 pairs of men's shoes and 160,700,000 pairs of women's shoes made in 1936 were more hygienically conceived. For one thing, most women now buy shoes primarily for comfort. The uncomfortable pointed toe is no longer sought, except in England.

Every few years, there is a reaction in women's shoe styles which lasts for one or two years. Last year, there was a rush to the high heel. This year, medium heights are the vogue. Women are beginning to learn that high heels produce all sorts of foot ailments, which in some cases will not show until succeeding generations. Ailments resulting from high heels include Schaffer's foot (shortened calf muscle, resulting from walking continually on the toes, which is noticed now in new babies), Morton's toes (overlapping toes), hammer toes, corns, bunions. As a rule the left foot is larger than the right. Reason: Most people stand on their left feet, rather than the right, when

* In 1915 America's chiropodists adopted the word podiatrist for their profession, because it expressed more aptly the tendency to treat only the feet, not the hands, too, as practitioners formerly did. However, both names persist, are synonymous.

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idle, this increasing the size. Differences sometimes as large as three sizes in length and breadth are known.

Foot Sizes—Men may be able to get along with four or five pairs of shoes a year, but women, to be in good taste, must allow themselves at least ten—to include all seasons. For the smart woman, between forty and fifty pairs will be necessary.

The size of the foot—large or small—should be no reflection upon the individual, it is pointed out. If a person is tall and slender, he or she must have long feet to equalize the proportions and symmetry of the body. Due to athletic proclivities, women's feet are definitely larger than formerly. Men's feet, on the other hand, have remained about the same size for the last fifty years. Beautiful skater tho she may be, Sonja Henie has poor feet.

The cramped feet of yesteryear still make women the best customers of podiatrists, however. Curiously, in many cities women's foot troubles are increasing while men's are decreasing—with the exception of epidermophytosis, or athlete's foot. Estimates are that one out of every four or five persons is afflicted with this fungus, which is supposed to have originated in India, was brought to the U.S. during the World War.

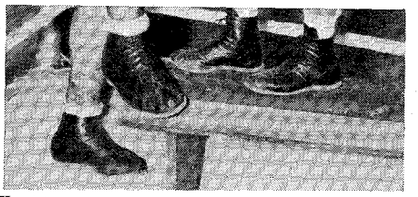
Corns—Corns are the next most prevalent foot worry. Despite quacks' assertions to the contrary, these growths have no roots, are simply built-up layers of caloused skin-tissue. The little toe causes most of the corn trouble; the big toe, most of the nail trouble. Bunions and strained and flattened metatarsal arches are prevalent. Overweight also is a cause of many foot ills to-day. Among the ailments that can be traced to the feet are fatigue, nervousness, irritability, bad disposition in general. Doctors, too, are learning that many rheumatic and sciatic troubles are due to the feet.

The worst sort of feet to have, podiatrists say, are long, narrow, lax; best sort are short, wide, compact. By the same token, varus (or pigeon-toed) feet are better than vagus (or outtoed) feet.

Flatfeet, in the sense that the center arch is not conspicuous or has disappeared, mean nothing. Negroes and Indians have strong flatfeet, and very good feet, because the weight is evenly distributed. Indians also walk with toes in, or parallel. Among famed athletes with flatfeet are Jesse Owens, Lou Gehrig, Primo Carnera, Tony Lazzeri and Mrs. Eileen Bennett Whittingstall, some of whom have fallen arches to boot.

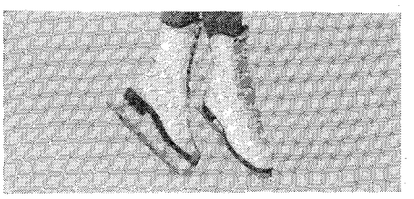
Tendencies—Jews have strong feet, with toe-out tendencies. Swedish people have big feet because they work in the fields. French people have small extremities. And thin people, as a rule, walk better, have better posture. Abraham Lincoln's feet were so big he had to have shoes especially made, size 14, largely because he went barefoot as a boy. He used to say: "I can't think my shoes pinch me." Many other Presidents had big feet. Herbert Hoover had good feet. Most dancers have small feet, because their feet are confined when they begin training in childhood. Toe-dancers, however, suffer from foot ailments, have been known to end up with seal or rhinoceros feet.

One way to aid the feet is to draw a straight line in the middle of the room and practise walking along it twenty minutes a day. Always keep the feet inward, walk



Keystone

Feet: Antagonists maul Carnera's flat 23's



Keystone

Graceful Sonja Henie's feet are in bad shape

Fannie Brice can't be funny in tight shoes

pigeon-toed if necessary to keep toes in line. Shoulders should be kept back, chin in line with chest, the diaphragm lifted to expand lungs. For metatarsal arch trouble, pick up marbles with the toes, stand on a telephone book and bend the toes downward. Long arch defects can be helped by standing pigeon-toed, shifting the body's weight toward the outer borders of the feet, raising the inner borders; also rolling a rubber ball between the soles of the feet while in a sitting position.

Even if you don't want to do all these tricks, you can buy a sensible pair of shoes and let nature take its own course. *Comédienne* Fannie Brice does not wisecrack when she says: "Please, I can't be funny in uncomfortable shoes."

SUBSTRATA EYES: Geophysicist Improvements Aid Development of Mineral Deposits

Some thousands of years ago, a ruminative Swedish glacier phlegmatically chewed off the top of a minor mountain, stored fragments thereof in its refrigerated stomach for a few hundred years and, at the end of a geologic epoch, casually deposited the boulders in the Skellefte district.

There the rocks remained, serving two purposes: (1) They awed superstitious Laplanders, who thought they had dropped from heaven, and (2) they drove geologists into a fine frenzy when it was discovered that the rocks contained gold.

Through the ages, Sweden has been known as a country without a gold-mine. (Swedes even sing a nonauriferous folk-song lamenting this fact.) Yet those gold-bearing boulders obviously had been picked up by the glacier somewhere in the country. Tantalizing, elusive, a fabulously rich mother lode lay ready to give up its treasure to the first man to demand it. Hundreds tried, hundreds failed.

To the rescue, in 1924, came the geophysicist, hybrid offspring of a marriage of convenience between geology and physics. The route the glacier had followed was well-known. Patiently, the geophysicists toiled back along that ancient path, carting gadgets on their backs, setting up instruments, checking dials. Two miles north of Boliden, the expedition halted.

"Dig here," ordered the head man.

The spot was of a nature to cause a seasoned prospector to laugh up a Mackinaw sleeve. There wasn't a rock outcrop in sight—nothing but flat country, trees, lakes, swamp. Underlying formations lay buried beneath twenty to sixty feet of glacial drift.

But they dug. To-day, the Boliden orefield produces $15,000 worth of gold every twenty-four hours, $400 worth of silver, twenty tons of copper.

Rock X-Rays—Last week, before the convention of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers in New York City, Hans Lundberg explained how it was done. An electric clue, skilfully interpreted, gave the geophysicist unmistakable proof that a body of minerals lay beneath the surface.

No dealer in black magic or the abracadabra of the divining rod, the geophysicist is a specialist who figuratively X-rays the earth by methods peculiarly his own. His art is of supreme importance in locating oil-pools, gold, copper, iron and nickel deposits. More specifically, what he does is trace formations favorable to such deposits. He also lends his talents to more plebeian uses, such as the determination of subsoil conditions when dams, bridge abutments, highways and tunnels are to be constructed.

Last year, more than 300 geophysical expeditions were in the field seeking new oil-pools, employed by petroleum companies investing $10,000,000 in the scientific search. A major oil-field and two new gas-fields were discovered in California, nine new pools in Texas, others in Oklahoma and Kansas.

Mineral Sleuths—Canada is a particularly rich field for geophysical mineral surveys. There 99 per cent. of the rock formations are covered by sand, gravel, lakes; the rich ore bodies of the country have been found in the 1 per cent. of Canada's rock strata exposed for study by the geologist. The 99 per cent. of the country now geologically "buried" is expected to yield rich discoveries when the geophysicist puts his instruments to work.

Not all rich lodes, however, can be located by geophysical methods, nor can tonnage and assay values be estimated. Sherwin F. Kelly, who introduced the spontaneous polarization method of geophysical exploration to this country in 1921, tells a heart-breaking story of fabulous fortune just out of reach.

"I was shown the famous boulder at Red Lake (Canada) in 1926," he says. "It was seamed with veins of quartz peppered with crystals of yellow pyrite. Some of the larger crystals were literally plated with gold. But, alas, it was a glacial 'erratic,' dropped there 30,000 years ago by the moving ice-sheet. The vein was probably long since covered. There was not enough metallic material in the rock to give rise to any electrical reaction. The discovery of this golden fortune will rest with chance."

Four methods of exploration are open to the geophysicist: (1) gravity measuring,

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(2) measurements of magnetism, (3) electric currents directed against the rocks, and (4) artificial earthquakes.

Magnetic prospecting is old; compasses have discovered iron deposits in many countries (including fields in New York and New Jersey found by early colonists). With the invention of the Field Balance in 1914, and later the superdip, the geophysicist got sensitive instruments for detecting minute magnetic variations. All rocks of the earth's crust have some effect on the direction and strength of the earth's magnetic force. Different rocks have different magnetic strengths, giving an index to identity.

When a man stands over a region underlain by heavy rocks, such as basalt, he weighs more than when he stands above light sedimentary rocks. The force of gravity actually varies slightly. With the Eotvos Torsion Balance, this insignificant variation can be measured. Since 1922, the Torsion Balance has been widely used along the Gulf Coast to locate salt domes.

Oil-Pools—A salt dome is a plug of salt, sulfur and occasionally other materials, shaped something like a derby hat, pushed up through underlying strata. It is a natural bed for the accumulation of oil. Domes near the surface cause increased gravity; deep-buried domes favor gravity "lows." With the Torsion Balance, these gravitational measurements can be taken, and locations where oil will probably be found can thus be pointed out by the geophysicist.

The rich Oklahoma City oil-field presented a surface geology which showed anticlines, or arching of rocks, favorable for oil accumulation. The anticlines were so slight, however, that they seemed hardly worth investigating until a magnetic survey demonstrated a more pronounced arching deep below the surface. To-day, the phenomenally rich field is tapped by 800 wells.

Earthquakes—Still another geophysical method widely used in oil exploration is the seismic or artificial earthquake technique. Dynamite is exploded on the surface of the ground, seismic waves bounce through the rock structure and some are reflected back.

The time required for the waves to pass through various strata differs with the nature of the rocks. Instruments which record the time of passage enable geophysicists to construct a picture of what lies beneath the surface.

Electrical exploration methods are of two types; in one, the earth itself provides the current; in the other, the geophysicist supplies it. In 1830, Robert Fox first discovered tiny electric currents flowing in the veins of Cornwall copper-mines. Masses of metallic sulfids generate feeble currents, much like a storage battery, from the chemical action of moisture in surrounding rocks. If the top of the ore body is within a few hundred feet of the surface, electric currents can be detected which will indicate the presence of minerals worthy of exploration. This is called the spontaneous polarization or self-potential method.

Currents artificially applied to the earth are used for the detection of ores other than sulfids.

There are several methods for getting electrical energy into the ground, and interpreting the effect of underground formations on the current.

Skill is required to translate electrical evidence into a picture of the substrata, just as a physician must be specially trained to make a diagnosis from an X-ray picture. Sometimes the minute magnetic variations collected by the geophysicist are so puzzling that he builds a model representing geological formations as he conceives them to be.

"Then, by surveying back and forth over the model and systematically changing the conditions on the model until we find reactions which correspond to those found in the field, it is possible to obtain the most likely interpretation even in complicated cases," Mr. Lundberg explained.

The Witwatersrand area in South Africa, the greatest gold-producing region in the world, holds its yellow treasure locked in reefs lying among sedimentary rock. For fifty miles, these reefs outcrop near the surface, then abruptly vanish far underground. Recently the magnetite-bearing shales which underlie the gold-reefs have been traced by their magnetic effect, a whole new mining area mapped. In all, 710 square miles were geophysically explored, 69,000 observations taken. As a result, a substantial increase in production from the great Rand area is expected.

Cost—Geophysical prospecting is usually cheaper than conventional methods, may soon make "wildcatting" for oil-wells a lost art. Mr. Lundberg described to his fellow engineers an experience with a Canadian mining property. The owners spent $60,000 in conventional prospecting methods, developed $1,000,000 in gold-ore. Then a geophysical survey of the property was made, seeking further ore bodies. At a cost of $6,000, another $1,000,000 worth of ore was staked out in six weeks.

For such essential engineering information as the determination of bedrock depths for dam construction, geophysical exploration is far cheaper than shaft-sinking. In one case a contractor constructing a tunnel struck water-bearing strata, had to cease operations. A geophysicist was called in, the trouble-making strata plotted, and the tunnel built around it.

Courtesy D. H. Wantland, Colo. School of Mines

Geophysicists plunge through brush and swamp to locate ore, oil, champagne scientifically

In the early days of the art, geophysical surveys were often made on a contingent basis—"find ore on my property and I'll pay you."

Now the geophysicist works for a quoted fee, like any other engineer.

Champagne—Rarely, the investigations of the geophysicist uncover a vein of humor.

"Prior to the end of the Eighteenth Amendment, the owner of a Long Island estate, expecting a large consignment of champagne, was suddenly called to Europe," Mr. Lundberg reported to the convention. "He left instructions with the gardener to bury the consignment, consisting of forty cases. The gardener buried it and promptly died without leaving a map.

"When the owner returned he couldn't find his buried champagne treasure. He asked if our instrument could locate it. I practised up on a case of empty bottles, buried by some friends in a spot unknown to me, and found it with no difficulty at all.

"I agreed to prospect for the buried champagne, but arrived just as the frantic owner found the cache behind his barn."

SCIENCE SHORTS

New Tricks—An old dog can be taught new tricks. Dr. Walter R. Miles of Yale University tested certain mind reactions in a large group of persons over seventy-four years of age, found one-third of his subjects just as skilled in the functions tested as the average adult of younger years.

* * *

Hydroponics—It's not "dirtless farming" any more, the new process of raising flowers, vegetables and fruit in fertilized water instead of soil. Prof. W. F. Gericke of the University of California, originator of the system, now calls it "hydroponics." The Greeks had two words for it, "hydro" being Greek for water, "ponics" springing from their word for work.

* * *

Growing Pains—Men and women keep on growing until they are forty years old, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, noted anthropologist of the Smithsonian Institution, announces. Thousands of measurements which he has made contradict the usual belief that a man is fully mature at twenty-four, indicate his stature may increase a third of an inch in adult life.

* * *

Sun-Spot Police—Criminals are pretty much incensed about the way sun-spots are behaving. Two years ago, it seems, short-wave police broadcasts could be received only thirty to forty miles away. Now they are sometimes heard across the Atlantic, and Dr. L. V. Berkner of the Carnegie Institute blames it all on sun-spot activity which increases the density of radio-reflecting layers high above the earth.

* * *

Silent Subways—Welded rail-joints, non-rattling windows and soft rubber seats are expected to make London subways this year a silent retreat for those fleeing the noise of city streets. Special "noise shields," lined with sound-absorbing materials and built along both sides of the car tracks, are counted on to eliminate 80 per cent. of the noise from the London Underground.

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TEAR TRENDS CHANGE WITH THE TIMES

Belloc Sees Return to Bawling Men and Weeping Women

Dear Lord, tho I be changed to
senseless clay
And serve the Potter as he turn his
wheel
I thank Thee for the gracious gift
of tears!

—*King Lear.*

Where are the free and copious tears of yesteryear?

President Roosevelt does not weep when the Supreme Court rules against his pet legislation; Gen. Francisco Franco does not burst into tears when Spanish Loyalists drive back his Insurgent armies; Leon Trotzky does not sob when Dictator Stalin executes his friends for his treason.

The answer is, says Hilaire Belloc, the English essayist, that the "gracious gift of tears," once the expression of one of man's noblest emotions, has gone out of fashion. Instead, the great of to-day swallow their tears, restrain their sorrow, put on stony countenances. They essay a futile Spartan spirit, possibly a heritage of War days, which the writer thinks can not last.

Return Seen—This prediction, set down in "On the Tears of the Great" in his latest "Selected Essays," became a subject of interest to psychologists last week as Belloc stepped down a gang-plank in New York to deliver a series of lectures on the current state of the world and its wos.

Says he: "I suppose I shall not live to see the return of tears, but men who are young to-day will live to see it; men high in the places of Government, Cabinet Ministers (if there are still such creatures forty years hence), will publicly ululate upon losing a lucrative commercial position; speculators will break down in the club as they watch the adverse tape; and popular authors will caterwaul when they read the reviews written upon them."

Belloc wants to restore weeping to its old-time glory. He points out that well down into the middle of the nineteenth century tears were the order of the day for the release of emotions. Literature reflected the vogue. In tragedy, epic and ballad did great men sob loudest, with dignity and artistry. So much so that Thomas Hearne, the essayist, was moved to write that "The Englishman is the best at weeping, the worst at laughing." And Thomas Hood penned:

Oh! would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now
And have a good cry!

Chain-Weeper—Oliver Cromwell was perpetually bursting into tears. He sniffed, rubbed his eyes, to see King Charles I with his children. He wept in prayer and in domestic bereavement. He was one of the great criers of history.

For a statesman there was plenty of precedent for his sensitive feelings, too. "Alexander the Great wept, tho sober at the time, because he thought he had no more worlds to conquer." Charlemagne cried at the sight of pirate barks upon the sea. Tears filled the eyes of Scipio, the Roman general, at the fall of Carthage.

War has never ceased to be a prime tear-jerker for repressed statesmen. William Pitt the Younger's lacrimal glands went on a rampage at news of Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz, altho at the time he had several ports under his belt. In 1871 Louis Adolphe Thiers, the French statesman, moistened a half-dozen handkerchiefs when he signed the capitulation to Bismarck. Just to show that the old-time enemy was equally capable of such sensibilities, Von Moltke in 1914 broke into a tearful outburst upon receiving news of the Battle of the Marne.

Little Data—As an emotion, weeping is primarily the concern of the psychologist, but to date it has yielded little investigative data. Alvin Borgquist divides it into three parts: (1) typical cry of grief or sadness, (2) deliberate vocal cry—crying in anger or pain, and (3) cry of joy. While attached to Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, he made a questionnaire study of weeping among Japanese, Samoans, New Zealanders and Maoris. Among primitive peoples, he learned, crying is a fairly universal characteristic. Even the stoic Indian brave weeps at the death of a member of his family. The Samoan woman was found to cry principally from anger.

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Tears: our emotional outlet is outmoded

As a physical phenomenon, crying is a profound disturbance of the nervous system. It breaks in upon a more even balance of the feelings and physiological processes as a crisis. It is caused by an increase of mental tension accompanied by exhaustion of the nervous system and a decreasing power of restraint. With certain exceptions, it is the natural outlet for this emotional tension.

Of all the body secretions, tears which come with this outblow are richest in the remarkable antiseptic power toward certain microbes contained in the ferment called hysozyme. Even when diluted 6,000,000 times, they are a destroyer of some of the microbes found in the air—obviously a natural means of protection against infection.

Early Tears—"We weep when we are born, not when we die!" wrote T. B. Aldrich—which is only partly true. The moment a child is born it cries out in helplessness, but no tears come, for there are as yet no developed tear-glands. Actual tears do not appear for two to five months. Normal crying is good for a baby's lungs, tends to diminish in frequency with age.

Tears are only slightly under the direct action of the will. Clyde Beatty, the lion tamer, like many another film fan, sobs out loud at injured heroines on the screen. Artificially made, these tears are the hardest to manage, however. Hollywood, which has found false tear-drops a problem for years, might study this observation of Charles Darwin:

"The closing of the eye, or contraction of the orbicular muscle, while causing an undue pressure upon the eye, excites the peripheral nerves, leading to the lacrimal center. Added stimulus to this center occurs as a result of increased circulation of the blood."

In the old silent days, actresses thought of their departed loved ones or had a fiddler play sad music. Talkies have done away with all this. To-day, the director stops the camera, squeezes a few drops of glycerin on the star's eyes; or, in lieu of this, a stare into the spot-light for a few minutes will suffice.

Merle Oberon cries well in the films. Katharine Hepburn and Sylvia Sidney can smile through tears to perfection. Ruth Chatterton talks over her tears. Ann Harding takes to tears like a duck to water. Looking at it from the other way, Elisabeth Bergner and Kay Francis are top-notch audience tear-jerker types. Men also know how to put on the tear stunt. A good example was Humphrey Bogard in "Black Legion."

Stage Tears—On the stage, George M. Cohan is an ace weeper, a veritable handkerchief fiddler. About the third act he goes for his linen. Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence stood and wept their eyes out at the first act curtain of "Private Lives."

"Throw him a crying towel," is a yell often heard at prize-fights. It comes hard upon a squawk by the manager of the losing fighter. Yet, actual tears have been shed in the ring. There is a story that Jack Sharkey cried when he knocked out Jack Delaney in one round. A huge Englishman, six feet seven inches tall, named Jack Pettifer, had the persistently annoying habit of crying in the ring. The audience soon renamed him Jack Pityful.

Troops often cry after a great battle. And the deaths of Kings always start an avalanche of tears among the populace. It was said that many an Englishman wept when Edward VIII quit the throne.

Belloc could draw endlessly upon ancient history for his cause. There is an Oriental legend that after his expulsion from Paradise, Adam wept so copiously that all the beasts and birds satisfied their thirst. In the Bible one reads that David sobbed pitiably for his son Absalom and for Saul and for Uriah. David wrote of his weeping with pride. Moses, too, wept —thrice. Jacob likewise cried. And Jeremiah was a "very fountain of tears."

Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus. Some time ago nearly 80,000 of Robert

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(Believe It or Not) Ripley's radio listeners gave this as the shortest verse in the Bible (John 11:35). "Jesus wept" is the shortest English verse, Ripley corrected, but the source translations contain three shorter ones.

All through history, man has been moved by strange acts to sudden sobs.

Lord Tennyson allowed tears to gather in his eyes at the prospect of stubble in the English countryside; and Essayist Thomas Macaulay cried at the discovery of a rubber check.

Great nobles wept bitterly at the deathbed speech of France's Louis XIV. Because he was henpecked, Louis XVI could not hold back the lump in his throat. Because he wasn't, Louis XV could not keep his eyes dry. "But Louis XVIII," says Belloc, "if he wept at all, wept only through the excruciating agony of the gout."

Coriolanus wept at the sight of his mother, Samuel Johnson at the memory of his mother. Carlyle wept when he thought of his wife after her death and his wife wept when she thought of him before it.

Animal Tears—Whether animals have some inward expression of weeping is not known. Crocodile tears, however, are famous. Ancient travelers said that the saurians wept over those they devoured. The nearest approach to human crocodile tears are the simulated sobs of professional mourners still found in some parts of Europe and the Orient. They attend funerals, follow the cortège to the cemetery wailing or crying softly, according to their pay. During the dark days of the depression, big-city taxicab drivers often threw in a couple of sobs at the end of the ride to culture tips.

In conclusion, Belloc wrote: "The spectacle of a Great Man boo-hooing and blubbering and playing the cry-baby must be very distressing to you; at any rate, it is distressing to most moderns. Our fathers thought nothing of it. I suppose the prejudice against it, like so many other startling differences from the past, is due to the public schools. Anyhow, there it is, and for my part I hope it will not last for long. I like the older habit. I want to see the grimacing and the puckering and to hear the sobs again.

"I shall not live, I say, to see the recrudescence of a very honest, very necessary human habit; but it will come, and meanwhile I seek consolation in this, as in every other matter, from the glories of the past: from the Classic Muse."

Religion

SELLING PIETY: Merchandising Applied to Church Boosts Sunday Attendance

When a grocery business, a bank or retail drug chain finds trade slack, the customers few and far between, it calls in a merchandising expert, who finds what is wrong, promptly goes about putting the business back on solid feet.

All things being equal, why couldn't such a scheme be applied to a run-down church? In his New York office, Bryant

Bryant Griffin put a church on its feet by applied advertising methods

Griffin, account manager of an advertising company, pondered the question, decided to try, succeeded in launching an idea which may solve the problems of many a slipping urban and rural church.

Griffin tried his sales experiment in his home-town across the river from Manhattan—a pleasure-loving, sophisticated suburb, typically American. The church, a stylish Methodist, which had started as a community congregation, was slipping gradually into oblivion. The minister was months behind in his pay. The church quartet refused to sing any more without pay. To escape collectors, the Treasurer resigned.

Excuse—On his way to church on Sundays, Griffin noticed the neighbors washing their cars while the bells rang, their wise-crack excuse: "Cleanliness is next to godliness!" In the dwindling congregation he sensed a strong air of apathy. He found himself thinking up ad ideas.

Sure enough, there was *Old Bill* across the aisle with a vacant, happy expression on his face. "I knew very well *Bill* was not thinking of his sins," Griffin writes in *The Christian Herald*.

"I knew what he was thinking of, what he always talked about in the cloistered atmosphere of church. He was belting them straight down the fairway. I could see a great deal in that church besides the congregation. If everything that was really in the church in imagination or memory was physically present, we would see *Mr. Smith,* the cashier of the First National Bank, thumbing his ledgers. *Hansen,* the builder, would be spreading his blue-prints over his hymn-book. A bridge game would be laid out on the altar cloth, with north over on the choir side. Six would be bid and six would be made. In the ethereal atmosphere of church, in one's dream, no one would be slicing, or overbidding."

Elected—With providential insight, the Board members caught his thoughts, promptly elected Griffin General Manager to save the church. He demanded and got a virtual "dictatorship" during the emergency, set down a code upon which to frame a go-getting merchandising drive.

Basis of it: As it was a community church, with varied Protestant background, no question was to be raised as to creeds. He believed right who worked right. He was progressive who showed himself progressive. He was a fundamentalist who was fundamentally right when it came to doing something for his church. No questions were to be raised about one's motives. No one has the right to judge another's motives, but one can see what he does.

Griffin redistributed the church work on stronger and more numerous shoulders. All talk about finances was banned from the pulpit and elsewhere. No extra collections were to be taken to meet deficiencies. Church fairs were out altogether. Every-member canvasses got the same boot. To new members he sent a package of envelops with the suggestion that they fix their own contributions according to their purses. At the year's end, cards issued said: "We infer you wish to continue at the same rate unless you care to stipulate a decrease or increase."

More than half the church members had not attended church during his residence in this New Jersey suburb. Many of them never had been called upon. Here was Griffin's *pièce de résistance.* He made every Board member a sales manager, chalked off districts and sent them out to corral members. Parents of Sunday School children were first prospects. Mention of contributions was made tabu. "Folks don't like to have their money taken away from them; they would rather give it," says Griffin.

Family Spirit—Church members were assigned as hosts and hostesses for newcomers at service, a family spirit promptly diffused. Names were entered on the guest-book by the strangers themselves. Names of all the people moving to town were obtained from the Post-Office, forthwith routed to the district sales manager.

On the Friday before Christmas, every one listed in the telephone-book got one of these letters:

"Dear Mr. X: The Season's Greetings! Things of the moment are too much with us. But there come times when golf clubs, tennis rackets and decks of cards do not entirely satisfy a man.

"But then the routine of things as they are whirls us up, and we chase our favorite fantasies as before.

"At this Christmas season, stop again to pick and choose; give the eternal essentials due weight. If you are attending church, good and well. If not, there is a Catholic, an Episcopalian, a Lutheran, and this, a Community Church. In our church there are a good many of us who have been Baptists, Presbyterians, Reformed or of some other Protestant faith.

"Any of our churches would be glad to have you worship with them regularly. The Community Methodist Church, through its preacher, is broad in its teachings but never flat and uninteresting. A kindergarten is provided for mothers with small children during church time.

"Very truly yours,
"Sales Manager."

To-day, not only have all debts been wiped out, attendance doubled, but an addition has been built on the church.

Griffin, who was born in India, went to Bates College in Maine before plunging

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into advertising, said he used the same methods as he does in business. A former assistant vice-president in charge of new business and advertising of a large New York bank, he insisted it is no secret, was available to any one in his two books: "New Business for Banks" and "Instalment Collection." On a commercial basis, the same merchandising job, he estimates, would have commanded a fee of $2,000.

Screen

DUST BOWL PLOT: "John Meade's Woman" Forswears Western Dust for Cinema Product

Just in time for the annual mote-dance of the Western dust storms, Paramount releases "John Meade's Woman," a motion-picture which, with small effort, might have been a notable cinema documentation of the tragedies in the Dust Bowl.

With miles of newsreel films of the storms available, the studio cautiously forswore any use of them and relied, instead, on studio storms created by wind-machines. It retold, for the use of Edward Arnold, a plot he not long ago laid aside after using it in "Come and Get It." And it made the rural story a début picture for Francine Larrimore, celebrated Broadway actress, who wouldn't know a hoe-handle from a swingletree, and proves it.

Miss Larrimore is a city actress, and not all the calico aprons sewn together could give her a wistful farm-girl appearance. In addition to that, she is supplied with some hog 'n' hominy dialog that does not sit easily on lips trained to sophisticated play talk.

Plot—Arnold, once again a lumber king, is a new-rich boor betrothed to a Chicago débutante, whom he later jilts. Up in the timber country, his best friend and chief workman, played by the once-upon-a-time star, George Bancroft, pleads with him to reforest after shaving the hillsides clean of trees. Arnold refuses, has a project for wheat-raising on a gigantic scale.

He takes over farm lands, plants wheat. There comes a drought. The dust storms begin and the crops fail. He begins foreclosing on the helpless farmers. Miss Larrimore, who meanwhile has married and left him, returns to her county and becomes a Dust Bowl Joan of Arc, goading the farmers into resistance.

Furious, he comes to the farms and demands action on foreclosures, and when the farmers start to riot he calls for troops. The Governor refuses them and Arnold is shot.

Slowed Up—It is arguable that the entire Chicago sequence was unnecessary and that for the purposes of an authentic Dust Bowl film Arnold might have been sent to the farm lands right in the beginning. There is enough Dust Bowl material available to provide more than enough plot.

Miss Larrimore is effective in many scenes, but, in sequences involving high emotional quality, sounds as if she were speaking with a mouthful of Christmas trees. Arnold is bold, big and brash in the part of the lumber king. It is pleasant to see Bancroft once more.

TORCH-SONG DIVA: Grace Moore Croons in "You're in Love," Riskin at Helm

Robert Riskin, the elfin-minded scenarist who provided 80,000,000 cinema patrons with such silk-slick items as "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," pixyling the cinema world in the process, has often hungered to direct.

His first effort at a combination of writing and direction is "You're in Love," the new Grace Moore feature, in which the stream-lined diva performs for Columbia Pictures her most amiable screen job to date.

Altho she dominates the airy proceedings, she will tug to success in her wake Cary Grant, who earns no honors as an actor, and the neophytic director, Riskin. He has poured into the making of the palatable film all the delicious trickery which made his scenarios so notable.

Sultry—If, among the 80,000,000 cash patrons of cinema, there happened to be one who often wondered how it would be to hear an authentic opera star loose herself on the singing of a torrid "scat" croon, that one's curiosity will be appeased. Miss Moore is caloric, sultry and completely *gamin* in a fevered rendition of that less than elegant tune, "Minnie the Moocher."

No one need indulge in any skull-knotting over the plot, which is about as thin as a summer scarf and twice as transparent. Its thinness, however, does not harm it. It has to do with a marriage of convenience between a Viennese opera star who wants to get into America and vaults the quota wall by marrying a wilful painter.

The blithe romance rises out of the struggle of wills between these two pinwheel temperaments.

Shuffled—Riskin, recalling shrewdly that his scenarios were at their level best when minor characters were shuffled around in such a way as to sharpen the importance of majors in the cast, brings the same formula into his direction, and with like triumphant results for the cinema.

It is to be hoped that a dizzying career as a director will not bunker Riskin in the matter of future scenario writing.

Preview notes from Hollywood were enthusiastic:

The Hollywood *Reporter*: "It is unquestionably her (Grace Moore's) best to date and never has she appeared to better photographic advantage."

GAB AND GAGS: Joe E. Brown Shows in First Funny Picture Under D. L. Loew

Joe E. Brown, for many years No. 1 comic for the Warner Brothers, is now stretching his inner-tube mouth for David L. Loew, an independent producer, with RKO sponsoring release of the pictures.

Brown's first clown romp under his own new deal is "When's Your Birthday," a film which adds no jot to his comic stature. Neither does it detract. The comedian is just about where he was when he switched bosses. His admirers will rejoice in the new foolishness. Others will remain studiously cool.

A zany plot has been furnished by three scenarists working from an original story by Harry Clork. The picture opens with a novelty in cartoon and color, the signs of the zodiac whirling giddily. In a moment the audience learns that this is Brown's dream, spinning through his brain while he recovers from a knock-out punch in a prize-fight.

Many Jobs—Brown passes through a series of jobs. First he is a fighter paying his way through an astronomical college, then successively a waiter, track tipster and such, including a giddy whirl at fortune-telling.

His horoscope readings enable gamblers to win and, at one point, they hustle a fighter into a match, only to discover that the auspicious reading was for Brown himself, on the proviso that the moon was up.

They discover the error, rush Brown to the ring, and he is startled to see the moon has not yet risen. He stalls, walks, dances and does everything he can to delay a

Francine Larrimore: from sophisticated Broadway parts to "John Meade's Woman" . . . Hollywood's Dust Bowl story . . . shows she doesn't know a hoe from a swingletree

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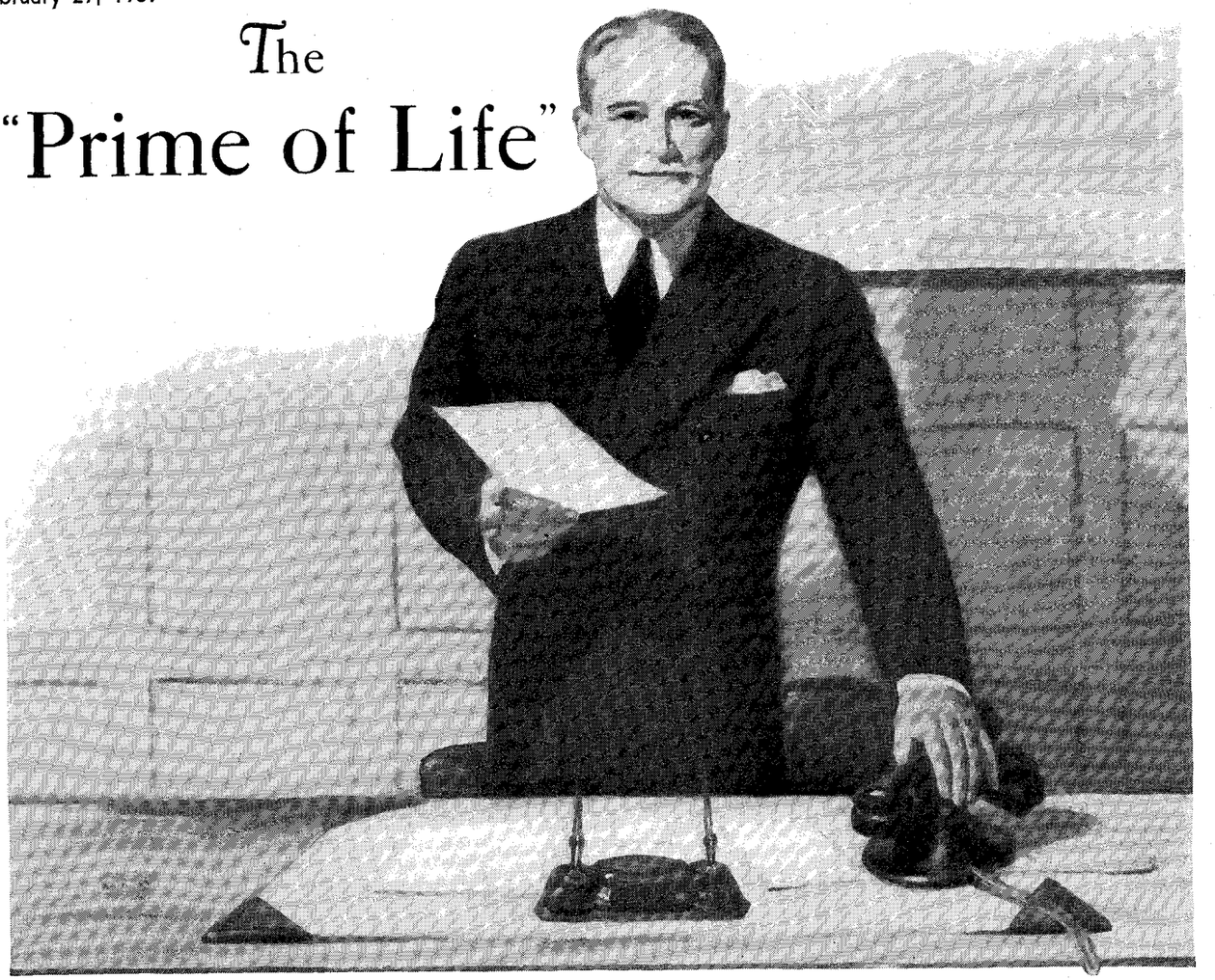
The "Prime of Life"



YOU may have read that the average length of life has risen from 49 to more than 60 years since the beginning of the century. You may not know that the greater part of this extension in the length of life from birth is due to gains in mortality at the younger ages. For those who have passed 40, conditions are much the same as they were.

The period from 40 to 60 years should be the "prime of life" when mental powers are high. The majority of the deaths which occur in this period are caused by chronic diseases of the heart and arteries, Bright's disease, cerebral hemorrhage, cancer or diabetes. Of these, heart disease is responsible for more deaths than any other cause.

While your doctor will not offer any medicine to soften brittle arteries, or to rebuild your heart, he can do a great deal to help you to lengthen your life. He can do what you can't—he can, almost literally, look inside your body.

With the fluoroscope and X-ray, with chemical and other function tests he can observe your vital organs in action and can tell you their strength or weakness.

Unselfish men and women who give all they can to their families or their work, and people who are ambitious to reach a certain goal often neglect their health. Chronic invalids are more likely to seek medical advice and to follow it faithfully than are vigorous men and women who scoff at being coddled, and who often race past physical danger signs.

A great scientist said recently, "We know how to lengthen the lives of our children. We must learn how to persuade men and women past 40 to get the benefit of what modern science can do for people of their age."

To everyone interested in prolonging life, the Metropolitan will send its booklet, "Taking Your Bearings." Address Booklet Dept. 337-L.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. — LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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punch until the moon comes up, then he laces in for a quick, goofy finish.

The picture is salted with innumerable jests of the crazed school, and Brown is excellent in his crackpot rôle. As is the custom, no others in the cast matter much. But a few nostalgic sighs will be heard when audiences recognize that antique veteran, Bull Montana.

Hollywood critics called it "a rapid-fire succession of trusty gags."

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA **— "Winterset"; "That Girl From Paris"; "Lloyds of London"; "One in a Million"; "The Plough and the Stars"; "The Good Earth"; "You're in Love."**

AAA **—"The Garden of Allah"; "A Woman Rebels"; "Camille"; "Black Legion."**

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

Music

VESTED VOICES: Convent Singers Thrill Concert-Goers With Liturgical Music

Last week, on the stage of New York's Town Hall a group of primly-clad young ladies whose ages ranged from thirteen to eighteen years gave effete concert-goers one of the most unusual thrills of the current musical season.

They comprised the choir of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in New York City. Their program consisted of early sacred music: Gregorian chants, Ambrosian chants, motets, hymns. None of it was composed later than the seventeenth century. Much of it sounded strange to the modern ear. All of it was profoundly, solemnly beautiful.

New Yorkers being what they are, a goodly proportion of the audience had doubtless not been to church for many years. To them it was a rude shock to realize that sacred music of that type was available every Sunday to thousands throughout the nation while they had all along been missing it.

Regular Program—For every Sunday, as inevitably as the step of the minister into the pulpit, fresh young voices peal forth the religious compositions of the early Catholics and of such later masters as Johannes Brahms, Johann Sebastian Bach and Giovanni Pierluigi, known as Palestrina. The choirs of America, vested and unvested, are an indispensable part of worship.

But it is the vested choirs, composed of boys between the ages of about seven and fourteen, that command the most attention. For out of the mouths of babes the works of the masters issue forth as they were intended to sound.

Finding boys to sing in the choirs has always been a problem. Officers in the service of England's King Edward IV (1441-'83) roamed the countryside with warrants authorizing them to seize men and boys who could sing. One of the present answers to the problem is choir-schools, of which there are six in the United States: One each in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and three in New York.

The oldest choir-school in the U.S. is at Grace Church, New York City. Founded in 1903, it now has twenty-seven boys singing under the direction of Organist-Choirmaster Ernest Mitchell. All the boys are from the metropolitan area surrounding New York City. They were all taken to the school by parents or friends who knew of the choir and thought the children had musical possibilities.

If a child can pass the rigid scholastic requirements, Mitchell sets out to discover his musical capabilities. First, the boy is given a one or two months' probationary period during which he just sits and listens to the other boys during rehearsals and services. Then he receives individual voice training and instruction in the fundamentals of music.

Five times a week, there are rehearsals lasting at least an hour and a quarter with the entire choir. There are services to be sung once a day, twice on Sunday. If the child succeeds in breaking into the choir, there is no fee for his tuition. In any case, the fee is small.

The voice of a choir-boy lasts an average of three years. If he started singing at the age of seven or eight, his voice might last five or six years. Then the pure soprano begins to sound scratchy and harsh and the master knows it has started to "change." From then until he is about twenty, the boy must be careful not to strain his voice by singing or shouting if he hopes to become a professional singer.

Masters—Two other leading choirmasters are Thomas Tertius Noble and James Morris Helfenstein. Noble is generally recognized by his colleagues as being No. 1 man in the field. He is an organist and composer of note, and his choir at St. Thomas's Church in New York is one of the finest in the country.

Helfenstein, founder of the Grace Church Choir-School, is now choirmaster at the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York. His choir is distinctly professional, many of his children earning a fair part of the family income.

The first record of a vested choir in the United States comes from Charleston, South Carolina. In the accounts of St. Michael's Church appears a bill dated 1798 for "washing the surplices of the clergy and children."

The next mention of a vested choir does not appear until 1833, when the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawkes vested the choir at St. Thomas Hall, Flushing, New York.

But it was not until 1886, when Trinity and St. James Churches in New York City led the way, that vested choirs became fashionable.

For the following twenty years, vested boy choirs sprang up in nearly every diocese in the country.

Trend Changed—Choirmasters then found that it was too much trouble to keep and train boy choirs. It was much easier to hire women. Tho they were traditionally banned (because the "woman's voice is a physical attraction"), female vested choirs gradually began to replace boy choirs. In time it was assumed that women singing in Catholic choirs was traditional and proper.

In 1903, Pope Pius X corrected this impression. He issued a *Motu Proprio* making it clear that the only true liturgical choirs were composed of men and boys.

The same year the order was issued, Grace Church founded its choir-school. And tho Pius X was the last to state definitely that true liturgical music is sung only by males, the Convent of the Sacred Heart has named its schools of liturgical music after him, and its all-girl choir is one of the best in the world.

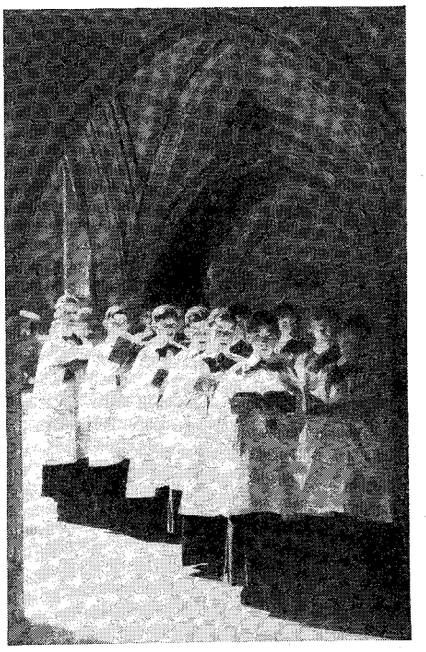
Music sung by choirs was the earliest in church history. The Ambrosian chants are supposedly of Hebrew origin, having been collected and codified by St. Andrew in the fourth century. In the sixth century, Pope Gregory the Great codified more chants, supplementing St. Ambrose's efforts. It was Gregory who instituted the present major scale. He codified it as the hypo-Lydian mode.

Rewritten—Later, motets became very popular. They were tunes of common origin, many of them having vulgar words, to which sacred words were written. In many cases the vulgar words were retained and sung against the sacred words.

The Council of Trent (1545-'63), which effected the counter-Reformation in the Catholic Church, abolished vulgar hymns. At this point Palestrina stepped in with dignified masses based upon Gregorian chants.

The motet was retained (without vulgar words), and the scepter passed to Germany and Austria. Handel, Mozart and Bach all dignified the form. Of other church music, Bach's B Minor mass, for instance, can fill any cathedral where it is sung. Beethoven, Haydn and Brahms all composed for the church. Brahms's "Requiem" is one of the things choir boys best love to sing.

Handel's "Messiah" is one of the greatest oratorios ever written, but in 1923 the process of the motet (the vulgar song becoming sacred) was reversed. "Messiah's" melody was taken bodily to make "Yes, We Have No Bananas."



Acme

The vested choir of St. Thomas's Church files in to sing before New York's "400"

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Noted explorers, Armand Denis and Leila Roosevelt (Mrs. Armand Denis), who picked Dodge equipment for 42,000-mile African trip.

"WE PICKED DODGE!"

Say ARMAND DENIS *and* LEILA ROOSEVELT

ONCE again Dodge dependability wins against the most trying and tortuous handicaps!...Blazing a trail across treacherous Africa to the Belgian Congo and return—over 42,000 miles through flaming heat... gruelling sand and gravel...ice and snow...dangerous jungle streams—the heroic performance of Dodge equipment literally amazed famed explorers Armand Denis and Leila Roosevelt!

"The car and both trucks," says Mr. Denis, "were subjected to almost unbelievable punishment. No single mechanical part of the car was ever replaced or repaired. The ruggedness and dependability of Dodge equipment are definitely proved for me."

Famous the world over for 23 years for record-smashing dependability, Dodge motor cars and trucks have amazed owners by their sensational economy as well. These owners enthusiastically hail Dodge cars and Dodge trucks as America's greatest money-saving motor vehicles! See the new 1937 Dodge cars and trucks at your Dodge dealer today!

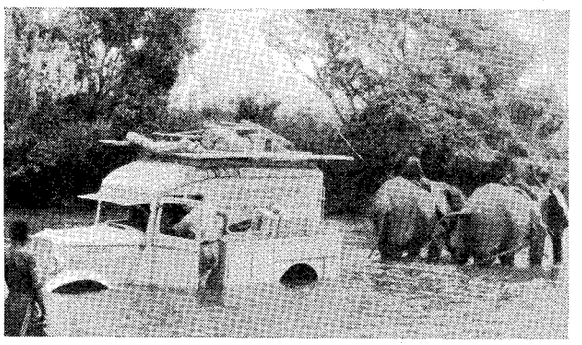
DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10:00 P. M., E. S. T.

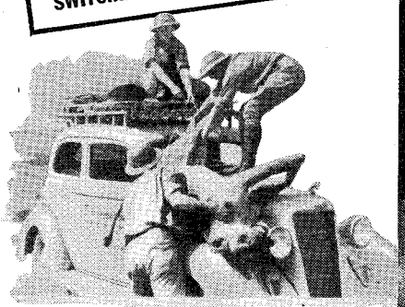
"Subjected to almost unbelievable punishment...two complete crossings of Africa...over difficult and hazardous territory... Dodge performed heroically!" *says Armand Denis*

Dodge crosses the barren valley of the Ziz!...Through deep sand and gravel in deserts where temperature often exceeded 125 degrees...over hundreds of miles of sharp, craggy rocks...Dodge conquered!

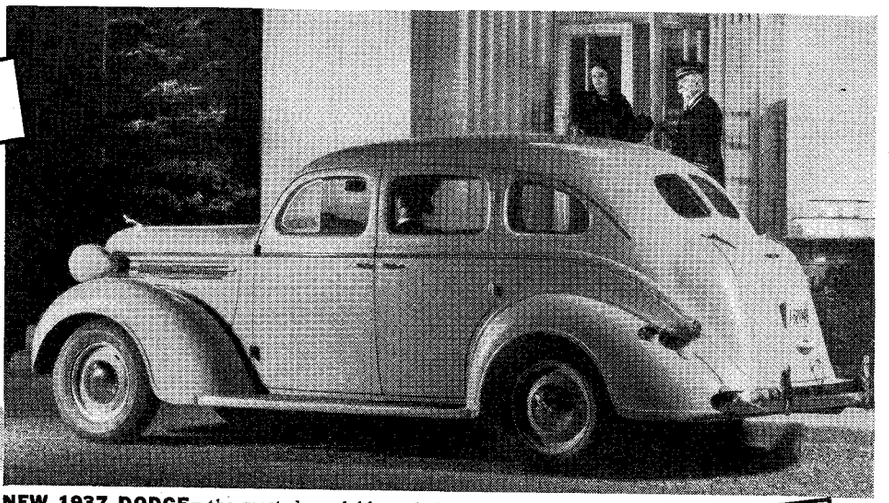


"Knee deep" in a jungle stream...towed by elephants...but it didn't faze this Dodge truck! Everyone knows that submersion in deep water is harmful to any motor car or truck, yet even this "trial by flood" couldn't stop Dodge equipment from "carrying on." No wonder new thousands are switching to the new 1937 Dodge cars and Dodge trucks—the most dependable cars and trucks Dodge ever built!

NO WONDER THOUSANDS ARE SWITCHING TO THE DEPENDABLE DODGE!



Dodge hauls in a lion for Armand Denis and Leila Roosevelt...The Dodge passenger car was subjected to terrific punishment... No wonder motorists everywhere say that Dependability means Dodge!



NEW 1937 DODGE—the most dependable and the greatest money-saving Dodge of them all! Bigger...more luxurious than ever before...packed with new extra-value features, yet delivers for just a few dollars more than lowest-priced cars!

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS!

Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.

Switch to* DODGE *and Save Money!

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BUBBLE-BLOWING CRAFTSMEN IN GLASS

Old Artistry Employed in Gossamer-Thin Crystal Pieces

Glass has stepped out of the window-pane and, after four centuries of neglect, back into the museums. Twentieth century hand-blown pieces sit to-day alongside the work of fifteenth century Venetian artists who surpassed all others in the magic of creating gossamer-thin crystal.

Glass-blowing is one of the few remaining industries that hasn't bowed its brittle back to the machine age. It takes skill, patience and years of learning to transform a mass of sand and a few silicates and oxids into gleaming, crystal-clear glass. It can't be done on an assembly line by pushing a button or pulling a lever. Consequently, it's rather expensive.

Last week, pink-faced, chubby Johnny Jansen earned $1,601 for his employers, the Steuben Glass Company. A slim, graceful, foot-high urn brought $1,600; a small brandy snifter fetched $1. But the same skill and care, plus fifty years of experience puffing in the ruddy glow of the kiln, went into both objects.

Difficult Art—Only artizans make glass—men who have been steeped in its secrets that date back 2,000 years, and who practise the technique perfected by the glassmakers of Venice. At its best, it is a difficult craft to master, for it takes almost a lifetime to become a worthy craftsman.

Frederick Carder, son of an English pottery-maker, is responsible for this country's return to the production of hand-blown glass. He learned the tricky art working with Europe's best masters.

In 1903, he came to this country and established his own glassmaking plant in Corning, Upstate New York. He gave his firm the name of the county in which it is located, Steuben. There he gathered a good proportion of European craftsmen, whose artistry helped turn Carder's venture into a magnificent success-story.

Carder, now Art Director of the firm, still competes with his best blowers, but only as a hobby. For his own amusement and private collection, he blows seemingly impossible objects which take nerve-racking skill and delicate accuracy: a three-foot sword, its blade wafer-thin; small paperweights of a hundred minute objects incased in a glass shell; goblets with geometric designs etched in color—a secret Carder process which no one can match.

Nomenclature—Glass-blowers speak a language of their own. Blowers are known as "gaffers." They are assisted by "gatherers." The small amount of glass they work with is called "gather," and a "punty stick" and a "glory hole" are important aids in the difficult process.

Ingredients—A gaffer's work begins after the raw material — principal ingredient sand, plus lime, and usually lead, all finely ground and well mixed — has been heated to 2,500 degrees Fahrenheit. Into this molten gather, the gaffer dips his blowpipe, and rolls it on an iron slab to make the sticky mass concentric with the interior opening of his blowpipe.

A few carefully blown puffs and the gather grows into a fragile bubble, hanging from a Gargantuan pipe. Then agile twirls and turns weave it into shape. Gaffers maneuver their blowpipes with the magic of fairy wands. A literal flick of the wrist elongates a glass sphere to any ovoid length the gaffer desires. But between the twists and puffs, the glass must be popped back into the glory hole for reheating, because it is more temperamental in temperature change than a *soufflé*.

When the gaffer has his bubble blown the size and shape he wants to make the body of a vase, for example, an assistant, his gatherer, drips more of the hot, taffy-like substance from his punty stick to the end away from the blowpipe. This mass is patted quickly with cherry-wood tongs, into the base.

Final Touch — That leaves the vase-to-be held on one end by the gaffer and his blowpipe, on the other by the gatherer and his punty stick. The blowpipe is detached first with a cold, wet tool and the rough edges trimmed—they cut as easily as paper at this stage—with shears that look like small hedge-clippers. Another heating, and off comes the punty with a slight pull, from the flat, even surface of the base.

Back into the glory hole again for a reducing process which brings the metals in the glass formula to the surface, giving the metallic coating which shines like polished silver. A final spray with a metallic salt puckers the surface and more reheating divides this outer coating into microscopic lines which reflect and refract light.

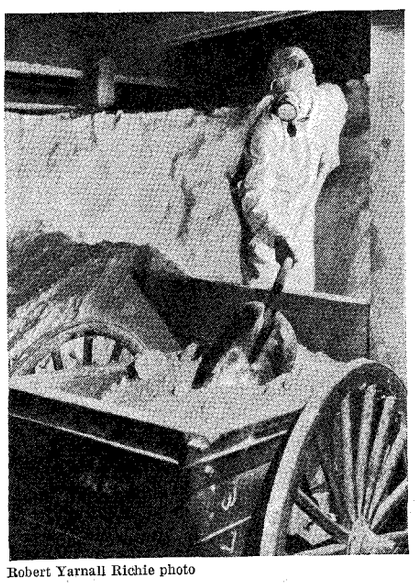
Decoration—Then, if the glass is to be decorated, the engraver steps in. The decorations are designed by famous sculptors, painters or commercial designers.

They work with hundreds of copper wheels ranging in size from a disk a foot in diameter to a circle the size of a pinhead. The engraver smears his glass with emery and oil. A few fast turns of the largest wheels start the design. On through the various sizes, the disks spin, biting their picture into the crystal, and the vase is ready for the collector's hands.

Steuben glass objects range in price from $1 for a small plain tumbler to $1,600 for a large engraved piece. Despite the high prices, there are not enough skilled men who can turn them out fast enough to supply the growing demand. The preference to-day is for uncolored glass, a trend Steuben shrewdly encourages. Reason: Different colored glass solutions can not be kept on tap. They grow staler than beer if not in constant use.

Eugene Hutchinson

Product of patience and skill in blown glass



Robert Yarnall Richie photo

Finely powdered raw materials will become . . .

Robert Yarnall Richie photo

a work of art under the gaffer's skill . . .

Robert Yarnall Richie photo

and the finishing touches of a craftsman

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

apostrophe and s.—"D. C. T.," Manchester, N. H.—An investigation of the *apostrophe* reveals that it was introduced into the possessive case during the seventeenth century. The introduction met with opposition, yet such phrases as "King *Charles's* Court" and "St. *James's* Park" won their way in literature, and there was published in London, until a few years ago, an evening paper named *The St. James's Gazette*. Both the park and the paper were associated with the parish of *St. James's*, Piccadilly, London. The Court of *St. James's* took its name from the Palace which dates from the days of Henry VIII. The building was used as a royal residence from 1698 to 1837, and the designation of a representative of a foreign power remains to this day ambassador or minister accredited "to the Court of *St. James's*."

Whether one should use an *apostrophe* and *s* in the name of an abbey, a church, school, hospital, club, society, or publication depends somewhat on the conditions of foundation. In checking educational institutions in the United States we find *St. John's*, Annapolis and Brooklyn, both use *'s*, but that *St. Lawrence, St. Louis,* and *St. Olaf* do not. At Oxford (England) we have *St. John's, St. Peter's,* and *Queen's*. At Cambridge there are *King's, St. John's, St. Catharine's*. Among the English public schools for boys, there are *St. Albans School* and *St. Lawrence School* (no *apostrophe* and *s* here); but all of the other schools named for saints carry the *apostrophe* and *s*, and there are six of them. *St. Alban's School* (the public school for girls) takes the *apostrophe* and *s*, while *St. Felix* (another girls' school) takes nothing, but every one of the twenty others all have the *apostrophe* and *s*.

Cannes; Macaber.—"N. A.," Baltimore, Md.—The first term is pronounced *kan*—*a* as in *art*. The second is pronounced *ma-ka'bar*—first and third *a's* as in *final, second a* as in *art*. *Macaber* is defined: "Relating to or descriptive of a dance of death," and *dance of death* means: "In art, a symbolic representation of the power of death, as a skeleton leading a bevy of laughing maidens: frequent in series of decorative pictures and sculptures from the 4th to the 16th century." *Dance of Macaber* (or *Macabre)* is a variant form.

disappear.—"P. M. S.," Rancho Santa Fé, Calif.—Various and sundry intangible, non-visible things are said to *disappear* in the sense of "ceasing to be," such as, "The abuse of the recent campaign has *disappeared*"; "Opposition *disappeared*," etc., but to employ the verb in speaking of the cessation of a breeze is an unusual usage. Either *ceased, dropped,* or even *vanished* would be better; nevertheless, as the term *disappear* is in good standing in a figurative sense, such usage as, "The wind *disappeared*," can not be labeled faulty.

It takes more than loving hands to PROTECT THEM

A restraining hand — a simple spoken word — how many times a day they stand between your family and some momentary danger.

As the children grow older, they depend less upon you and more on their own sharpened instincts for self preservation. But long after they have grown away from the need of your physical protection, they will still be financially helpless. As long as you are with them, you can protect them with your earnings, but the way you can *guarantee* the support they must have until they are financially self reliant, is through life insurance.

There are John Hancock plans for fathers whose earnings are large, medium or small. There is a plan for your family, which will assure them that you will look after them as long as they are dependent. Find out about this plan now. The booklet we offer below will tell you of the many things that can be accomplished through life insurance. Send the coupon for your copy.

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Please send me your booklet, "It Takes More Than Loving Hands To Protect Them"

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Address.....

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Press

NEW MOUTHPIECE: Midget Radio Trade Daily Apes Old Amusement Publication

"Biz" is business, "nemo" a radio program originating outside the studio, "web" means chain network, "confab" stands for conference, and "prez" for President. *Radio Daily,* newest trade paper in the fast-growing field of broadcasting, televising and air advertising, like *Variety* in the amusement field, has its own vocabulary.

Writing tersely is a necessity on the midget daily, published by John W. Alicoate, and edited by former *Billboard* Editor Don Carle Gillette.

Alicoate got into trade papering from a job on the Washington *Times,* started out with Joseph Dannenberg on the *Film Daily* nearly twenty years ago, and acquired control of the East Coast cinema paper when "Danny" died. Gillette has been everything from "traveling secretary" for Publicity Director Ivy Lee to author of a Broadway play, "In the Bag." Small, husky-voiced and imaginative, he was still skeptical of *Radio Daily* when the first issue was being distributed by messengers in New York early this month. The next day he decided to put his name on the masthead.

Long Hours—For two weeks now, Gillette has been unlocking his office door at 9 in the morning, scanning publicity releases, telegrams and his staff's copy until close to midnight. He sleeps in a near-by hotel, hoping no phone call from his Hollywood or Chicago or Washington correspondents will mean breaking open his front page.

The four-column, two-color-front-page papers are printed by early morning, and a flock of delivery boys starts out from the Paramount Building at Broadway and Forty-third Street, bound for studio executives, announcers, advertising agencies and talent. West Coast readers have to wait for air-mail delivery. Small-town subscribers may even get their copies by slowly chugging Rural Free Delivery, but they all pay $5 a year, $10 if they want the forthcoming radio year-book.

Many are *Radio Daily's* more leisurely competitors—such weekly and monthly trade organs as *Broadcasting, Radio Art, Radio Advertising.* But radio publications for radio people are not all—there are fan magazines, retailers' periodicals, technical digests, amateur magazines galore.

EDITOR SHIFT: The American Hebrew Changes Management, Make-Up, But Not Policy

STORM TROOPS ON THE MARCH IN AMERICA!

LINKING AMERICAN NAZIS WITH BERLIN.

NATIVE FASCISTS RECEIVE NAZI COOPERATION.

Such head-lines have been blazoned across the pages of *The American Hebrew,* fifty-seven-year-old Jewish weekly, as it has struck out against the German oppression of Jews and the spreading of "Hitlerism" in the United States.

Less sensational have been campaigns for Christian-American cooperation, for liberal Judaism in America, in praise of Jewish notables (one whole issue was devoted to Associate Justice Brandeis).

Last week, the *American Hebrew* changed editorial captains, but not its forthright policy. Rabbi Isaac Landman resigned from the Editorship he had held for nineteen years, to devote his time to a ten-volume "Universal Jewish Encyclopedia."

Former M.E.—Moving up from Managing Editor is Louis Rittenberg, who plans to use four to sixteen pages of photogravure pictures in every issue, covering Jewish news and Jewish-Christian relations. Forty-five years old, Rittenberg has a mania for saving things. He keeps files of clippings in his office and at home, saves razor-blades, too. He speaks four languages, reads four more, and continually scribbles on scratch-pads the letters "Tiszaujlak"—the Hungarian town where he was born.

Contribution—For its history, the *American Hebrew* can point to an imposing list of contributors: Henry Morgenthau, Herbert H. Lehman, Alfred E. Smith, Adolph S. Ochs, Felix M. Warburg, Henri Barbusse, Morris Hillquit, Jacob Wasserman, Oswald Spengler, George Gershwin, Carl Schurz, Edward Everett Hale, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Burroughs, John G. Whittier and Phillips Brooks.

Dr. Joseph Hanna: scientific vocational guide

Education

NICHE CLINICS: Vocational Guidance Tests Aid Youth in Seeking Adaptable Careers

When he was four, Bill wanted to be a fireman. At eight, he was going to fly uncharted jungles, hunting big game *à la* Martin Johnson. Between twelve and sixteen, he saw himself variously as an archeologist, photographer, actor, reporter. In college, he majored in English Literature. To-day, at twenty-three, he's selling advertising; ten years from now, he may be running a farm. Bill veered from one day-dream to another with each new experience. He was typical of hundreds of thousands of American boys and girls who never found their natural niche in life.

Tests—World War intelligence tests gave educators and other molders of youth a hint of what could be done to draw out hidden talents and aptitudes. Psychologists lent a hand. Vocational guidance centers sprang up from coast to coast. From thousands of young people examined, systems of objective diagnosis were developed to crystallize capabilities and potentialities.

In a sense, it is psychology applied to education. To-day, it has become one of the most vital phases in youth training. Children all over the country are sitting down to take these tests, getting up to go out in the world with a stronger grip on their desires and their abilities.

Last week, a thousand psychologists, educators, social and government workers clustered in a post-Mardi-Gras New Orleans to scrutinize results of vocational guidance work in the United States and to ascertain best ways to improve it. They met for the joint convention of the American Council of Guidance and Personnel Associations and its affiliated organizations, preceding the sessions of the all-inclusive National Education Association, which touched on the same subject.

System—To-day, the vogue is for an attempt to reduce all traits and aptitudes to a flexible scoring-system. That this is actually possible is open to much doubt among psychologists.

Typical of test centers all over the nation is the "clinic" directed in New York's cosmopolitan West Side Y. M. C. A. by Prof. Joseph Hanna, a leading psychologist at New York University. During the last decade, thousands of boys have obtained guidance there.

Just two doors off Central Park, his office in this super Y attracts clients from fourteen to fifty—radio announcers, sailors, butlers, panhandlers, musicians

Fritz Henle, courtesy Vocational Service for Juniors

A jigsaw-puzzle test for aptitude

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displaced by "canned music" take their turn with ambitious or lethargic schoolboys. All have hope that the stocky professor's galaxy of tests will apply a magic touchstone to hitherto unrevealed talents. Doctor Hanna promises no such results, gives the test credit for only two things: (1) eliminating the fields where the boy could not possibly succeed, and (2) indicating the general fields in which he appears to have the best chance.

Formula—But here's what happens when a boy goes to him for help: In the bare consultation office, away from all disturbances, Doctor Hanna first explains the purpose of the tests. Some lads are inclined to be a bit jittery about the whole process, but calm down when they learn that nobody can make a perfect score.

First comes a general psychological examination, a long series of questions, problems and situations similar to "achievement" and I. Q. tests given in schools. There is a time limit during which Doctor Hanna notes the subject's work methods and emotional behavior, a valuable aid in interpreting the answers.

Then come, in various order, tests for clerical aptitude, involving accurate checking of names and numbers; for mechanical aptitude, including paper and pencil checks on ability to judge spatial relations, to solve mathematical problems, to use common sense about mechanics. If the boy shows a bent in this direction, he is taken to an adjoining laboratory for manipulation tests.

Here he is asked to reassemble a jig-saw-puzzle-like set of blocks into their proper cubical form. These are called "Wiggly Blocks," and test his judgment of dimensions and shape, and his speed of work. Next, he goes to work on the University of Minnesota's famed Minnesota Spatial Relations Board (see cut) which tests the same ability to judge size and shape quickly.

The trick is to put an assortment of blocks, all sizes and shapes, back into holes in the board as quickly as possible. The subject gets three trials, timed for each with allowances for practise. His average is his score.

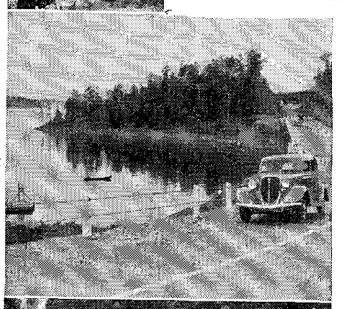
Judgment—Doctor Hanna watches his methods of refitting the blocks into place. Does he work nervously by hit-or-miss methods? If so, he probably wouldn't be much good as an engineer, or a draftsman. Does he size up each piece carefully, matching it with his eye to various holes in the board before trying to insert it? Does he do this quickly and easily? If so, he has part of the characteristics that make a good engineer or draftsman, or sign-painter, or commercial artist. If he works extremely fast and accurately, it is a fair indication of his mechanical aptitude. But not the only one. No one test will gage ability for any work; a whole series is needed.

Still more difficult tests follow. A battery of disassembled electrical and mechanical contrivances must be put back together. If the subject continues to show mechanical aptitude, he may get more exacting mathematical or theoretical tests for engineering ability; if not, he goes on to something else. For artistic aptitude, he is tested in several ways, including the Meier-Seashore Art Judgment Test, consisting of more than a hundred pairs of pictures, identical except for the position of one part. He must identify the more artistic placing of figures.

Vocabulary, literature, personality and emotional stability tests, vocational interest charts on which he is supposed to list

Arkansas Answers

YOUR URGE FOR THE Open Road



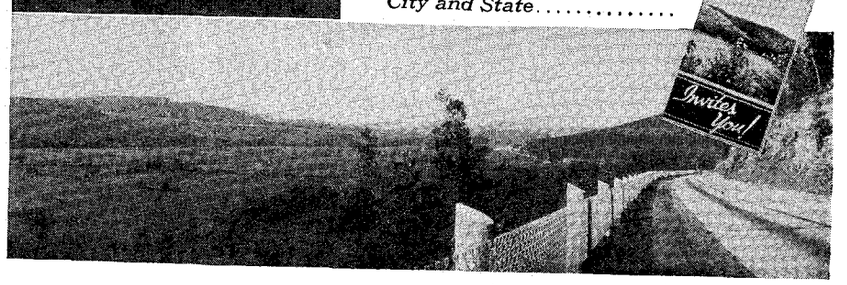
Answers with splendid highways that lead to inspiring places . . . to things you'll like to do: to Ozark and Ouachita peaks and valleys, to well-stocked fishing streams . . . to Hot Springs National Park with its natural healing waters and sparkling lakes for play . . . to camping in National Forests where Uncle Sam plays host . . . to prehistoric caverns or marvelous Mammoth Spring whose single flow forms a scenic river as clear as starlit night.

To these and a thousand more, Arkansas invites you . . . with a matchless lure of its own . . . to a land of primeval beauty: now open to your enjoyment through the finest of motor highways. And within Arkansas's friendly borders, whenever you wish to stop, are living accommodations in keeping with your taste and purse. To plan your certain visit to this new-found, glorious playground, just *sign and mail the coupon for this fascinating Free Booklet on How and Why.* There's an invitation on every page you can't afford to miss.

—TEAR OFF AND MAIL TODAY—

INVITATION COMMITTEE, DEPT. D
ARKANSAS CENTENNIAL
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

Name .....
Address .....
City and State .....



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BANKS FURNACE sprains ankle

Son applies Absorbine Jr. at once Brings Quick Relief

WRITES O. H.,* of Oak Park, Ill., "I was on the way down the cellar stairs to bank the furnace for the night and I slipped on the last step. A terrific pain shot through my ankle and up my leg. Just managed to hobble upstairs. My son got the bottle of Absorbine Jr. from the bathroom—rubbed it on my ankle and by morning the swelling and pain were practically reduced to nothing."

You, too, will find in good old Absorbine Jr. a wonderful family liniment. Many doctors and nurses and clinics recommend it highly for sprains and strains, sore muscles, muscular rheumatic pains. And it's a world-famous treatment for destroying the fungus of Athlete's Foot.

Get a bottle today. Your druggist has it. $1.25 a bottle and thrifty because a little goes so far. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

his ambitions (not always valuable as a guide to the counselor), and a study-of-values check complete the battery.

Parents and teachers should not attempt to crystallize a child's ambitions into a definite career before he is at least fourteen or fifteen years old, psychologists agree. Even then, it's better to restrict vocational guidance to awakening him to his own potentialities, teaching him to look for the best ways of using them.

One can test a child's mental ability at a very early age—around five or six in some cases—and recent studies have shown these indications to be reliable. Child mental geniuses grow up into national leaders notwithstanding campus opinion about the value of study, psychologists show.

Art Talent—Musical, artistic and mechanical talent can also be detected in very young children, because each depends to a great extent on finely sensitized motor and sensory equipment.

Sometimes, too, children lose in adolescence techniques they had mastered previously. Blame it on lengthening bones and tissues which dictate relearning the whole process in many cases.

As for the old stories about red-headed geniuses, towering bank presidents, mammoth-headed mathematicians and the like—pish and tosh, modern psychology says. If bank presidents are tall men, it's because their appearance made a better impression on the Board of Directors than did that of their equally intelligent, but short, rivals—so they got the jobs.

Hobbies

COLLECTING: Impulse Ranges from Relaxation to Big Business; Stamps a Favorite

Last week, in a room of a New York sky-scraper high above the turmoil of Forty-second Street, a prideful group of men gazed raptly at the twinkling semaphores, pounding locomotives and rail-clicking freight-cars of one of the world's finest miniature railroad systems.

Through yawning mountain tunnels, across bridge-arched chasms, down a straightaway of gleaming track rushed the rolling-stock of a transportation system which reproduced every feature of a great transcontinental railroad, with one difference: The trains were built on a scale of one-fourth inch to one foot.

With the bursting pride of a father describing his first-born, 100-odd members of the New York Society of Model Engineers displayed their railway to visitors at their annual exhibition. Doctors, dentists, engineers, teachers, machinists and electricians in private life, members of the society shed their dignity after working hours, become shareholders in the miniature railway system to which each man has contributed some part made with his own hands:

A locomotive, a stretch of track, a bit of complicated wiring, a delicate triple switch.

Regular Meetings—The Society meets every Wednesday night.

In Cleveland, Detroit, South Bend, a score of other cities, similar fraternities of model railway engineers pursue a phenomenally popular hobby.

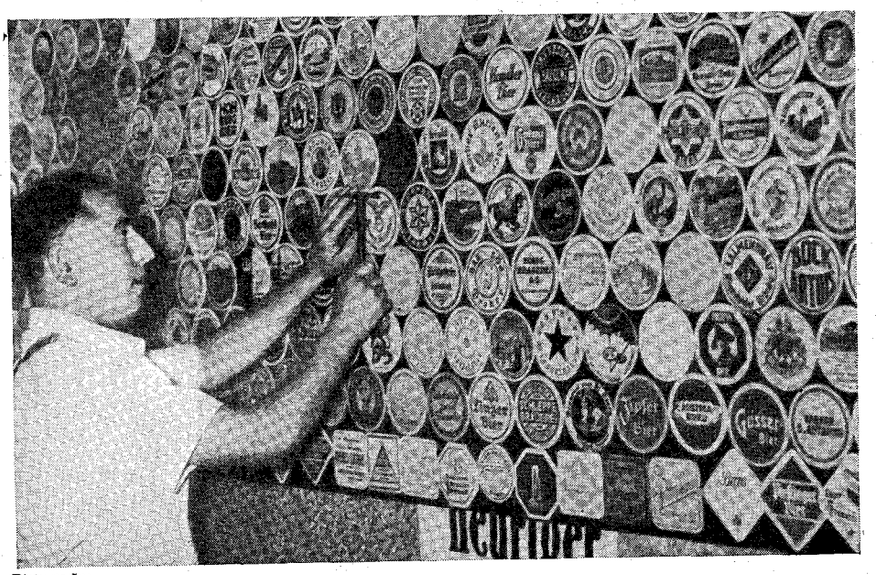
Specialists and subspecialists abound among the model railroaders. The "live steam" boys, whose locomotives are actually steam-driven, tend to tilt critical noses at men who turn out scale models driven by electric motors, receive, in turn, a corresponding bit of polite sniffing. Between the kit-builders who buy ready-cast parts, and the workmen who build every piece from raw materials, there is a similar friendly schism.

A good locomotive kit can be bought for $65, a model of a famous railroad locomotive for $75. But a custom-built live-steamer may represent 3,000 hours of painstaking construction, run into several hundred dollars.

Behind the extraordinary and recent popularity of the miniature railroad lies the eternal lure of the hobby. The true hobbyist will skip lunches, forego cigarettes, cut a dozen corners to accumulate the wherewithal to nourish his consuming passion.

In the U.S., hobbies are Big Business as well as a form of relaxation, divide themselves naturally into three dominating types: (1) craft or creative hobbies; (2) collecting; (3) sports and entertainment (which includes bridge).

Biggest business of all in the hobby



Pictures Inc.

Beer disks from nearly every country represent a collecting hobby of the first magnitude

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field is philately. Stamp collectors number some 2 per cent. of the population, do an annual business estimated at $20,000,000. Psychologists state that the collecting urge manifests itself at the age of eleven.

Democratic by nature, stamp collecting includes the teen-ager, with his 25-cent purchase of 1,000 mixed cancelations, and an Arthur Hind or a Col. E. H. Green, with collections valued at $5,000,000 each. Familiar names dot the ranks of the philatelists. President Roosevelt is justifiably proud of a fine collection.

The lure of colored bits of steel engraving is international. New York's Scott Stamp & Coin Co. is the elder statesman of U.S. philately. Scott deals in stamps, rarities, prints albums and publishes the Standard Postage Stamp Catalog (wherein every known stamp is identified by a number copyrighted by Scott, earnestly defended against piracy). In lower Manhattan, the Philatelic Exchange of New York has a huge blackboard on which current stamp quotations are chalked up just as stock prices are quoted in the customers' room of a broker's office.

Like Wall Street, philately has its booms, depressions, coups and corners. Since the depression, it has attracted its own type of speculator, whose theory of operations is deceptively simple: U.S. stamps are always worth face value; hence the investor can not lose, stands to make a profit when the demand for his stamp issues exceeds the supply. The speculator invests in commemorative issues of which a limited stock is printed and the plates destroyed.

Postmaster General James A. Farley (whose own hobby is boxing) has supervised the production of numerous special issues during his administration, once got into a jam with philatelists by signing and distributing to his friends at face value the first sheets of a new commemorative.

Speculators purchase stamps in huge blocks. Sales of $1,000 and up are common, and the stamp world has its rumors of $250,000 single transactions in new sheet commemoratives.

Banking—Financing many of these speculative transactions is a brand new type of philatelic banking agency which many stamp dealers find rather disturbing. The custom is for the agency to advance 80 per cent. of the face value of current commemorative issues of the U.S. Government, the customer supplying the remaining 20 per cent. The stamps are then stored in a bank vault, held for an appreciation of value, the speculator gambling his interest charges against an anticipated capital gain. If the stamps do not become valuable fast enough, the interest charge becomes too great and he is forced to sell.

Why a collector, anyway? Dr. Louis E. Bisch, author of best-selling "Be Glad You're Neurotic," has an interesting answer:

"Hobbies, especially of the collecting variety, appeal particularly to neurotics," he says.

"For one thing, the acquisitive urge in the neurotic is strong, this being a fixation from babyhood when the child took everything and gave practically nothing—a form of selfishness, if you will; at any rate, a strong desire to make something definitely one's own.

"Next the neurotic, because of his conflicts and unfulfilled desires, is artistic and

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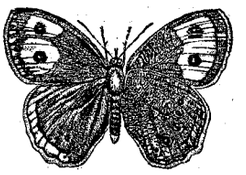

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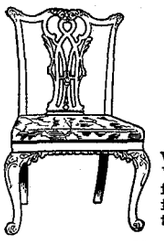

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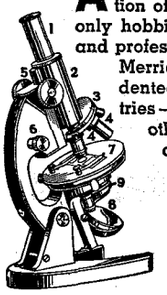

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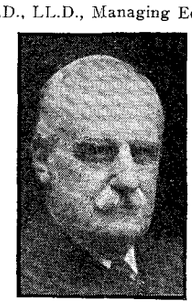

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original, and he loves the beautiful. It is natural, therefore, that he would want to surround himself with, and actually possess, as many beautiful things as possible."

Variated—There are probably more collectors than converts to any other hobby. Objects collected include practically anything portable: Square nails, cartridges, water from foreign rivers, buttons, dime novels, milk-bottle caps, iron banks, paper match packets (for which albums are now commercially supplied), phonograph records, old playbills, baggage labels, restaurant sugar-cubes, ticket stubs, campaign buttons, snuff boxes, firearms, whale teeth, memo scribblings, street-car transfers. Specialists have their International Society of Collectors of Tin Soldiers, their International Gourd Collectors Society.

Prof. Gordon F. Ferris, entomologist at Leland Stanford University, collects lice, says 75 per cent. of the human race is pediculous.

Ed Wynn collects hats. Melvin M. Morgan of Manila is proud of his assortment of miniature liquor bottles. Mrs. B. H. Gadd of Seattle displays 210 vinegar cruets in her living-room. Richard Sackett of Minneapolis has the world's largest collection of mustache cups. A Montreal salesman counts the number of sneezes emitted by street-car passengers. President Roosevelt collects marine views and ship models as well as stamps.

Politics and the collecting urge mix well. Senator Borah collects Oriental bric-a-brac, Secretary of Labor Perkins sequesters old patchwork quilts.

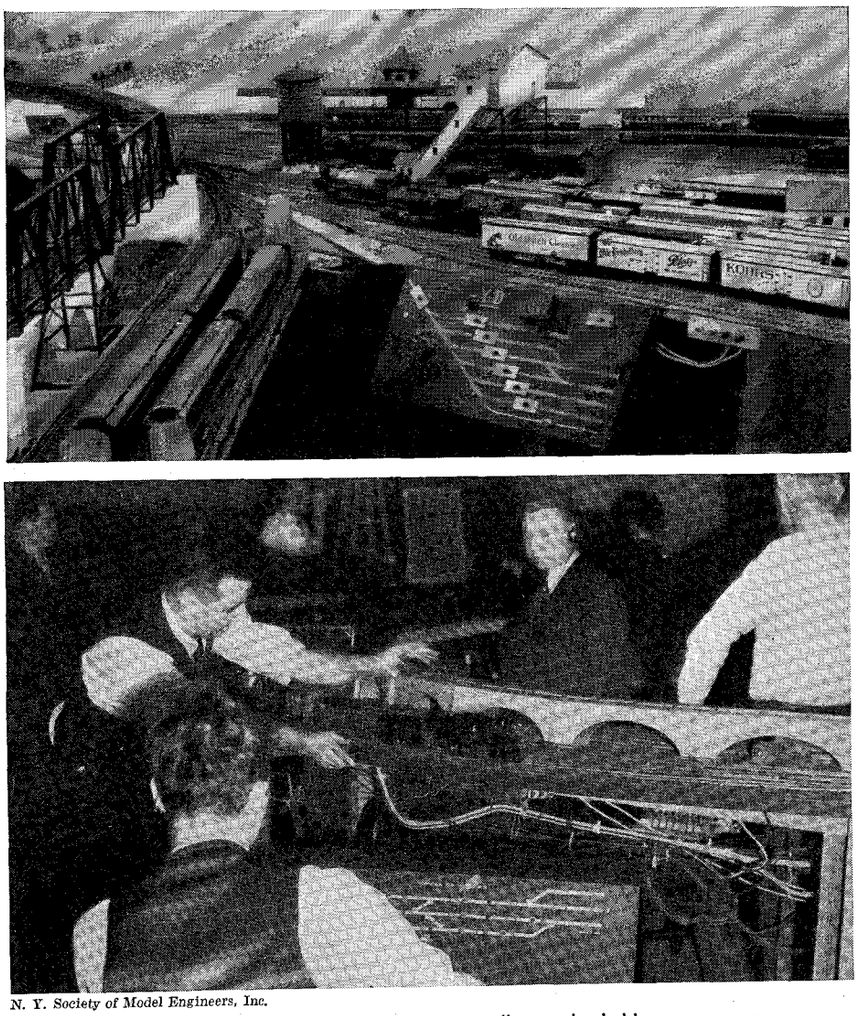
Alf Landon, titular head of the Republican Party, collects old glass and lusterware; so does Hamilton Fish, but all his glassware must be black.

Irvin Cobb has a Paducah passion for Indian relics. Felix Warburg has one of the most complete collections of cellos in the world, can't play one of them. Mrs. Evalyn Walsh MacLean proudly displays more than 1,000 animals of porcelain and glass. Horses and elephants in ceramic are favorite objects of collectors' affections. Elmer Rand Jacobs, Vice-President of the Seaman's Bank in New York, runs what is practically a personal museum of toy iron banks. His prize specimen is a lallapalooza: An iron William Tell receives a coin in the end of his gun, uses it to pop an apple from the top of his son's head.

Between a Morgan, a Huntington, a Frick, and the ten-year-old gravely cataloging a collection of milk-bottle tops, the difference is simply one of degree. All are brothers under the skin, hobbyists at heart, tinglingly aware that there's no thrill to compare with that of adding a new treasure to one's collection.

Manufacture—Of the making of hobbies there is no end. The Leisure League of America has sold a million copies of 25-cent books on thirty hobbies, expects to issue 200 more titles.* One volume lists 1,500 hobbies. Amateur photography, always a popular hobby, has recently received tremendous impetus from the miniature camera. The raising of tropical fish has become a big business hobby within the decade.

*Best seller to date is "Stamp Collecting," by Henry Renouf. Runners-up are volumes on self-help hobbies, such as "You Can Write," "How to Sell What You Write," "What to Do About Your Invention," etc.



N. Y. Society of Model Engineers, Inc.

Choo-choo models to scale form a phenomenally popular hobby among men

Department stores now carry aquarium supplies and enthusiasts become adept at distinguishing an *Angelichthys ciliaris* from a *Betta splendens*.

Autographs are a popular expression of the collecting urge, can run into big money. A Fred Astaire signature is valued at 25 cents, a Helen Hayes brings a dime, an early Garbo half a dollar. A Hitler or a Mussolini autograph is rated at approximately $50, a Button Gwinnett at $5,500 to $51,000.

Foremost autograph dealer is Mrs. Thomas F. Madigan, blonde, attractive widow who carries on her husband's business in Fifty-seventh Street, New York City. Signatures, she says, now are largely out of vogue; letters are the choice pieces, those of Washington and Lincoln most in demand. A letter by Thomas Jefferson explaining his part in the constitutional convention once brought $23,000.* Letters from most early patriots are available in a $40 to $50 price range. One sale nearly broke Mrs. Madigan's heart. This was the manuscript of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," sold only because the purchaser wanted it very badly. Her prize rarity, not for sale at any price, is an autographed print of the familiar photo showing Abraham Lincoln and his son Tad reading a book.

First editions are prizes among collectors. Last month a copy of Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" brought $510; Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage," $230; a volume of Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," $1,400; Melville's "Moby Dick," $300; Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque," $460.

Prosperous—Craft hobbies include the making of hooked rugs, knitting, painting, model air-plane construction, an infinite range of workshop products. Reginald Denny runs a model air-plane factory which developed out of a personal hobby. Many men and women who plunge into hobbies whole-heartedly are surprized to find themselves with a prosperous business on their hands. Bridge started out as a hobby with Eli Culbertson, became a million-dollar enterprise.

Sports claims a distinguished percentage of hobbyists, according to a recent survey by *Chemical Industries* magazine, which showed golf in the lead by a big margin. One out of six chemical executives is a golf fan.

Fishing comes second, followed by stamp collecting, then back to sports with tennis and hunting.

So important are hobbies to psychic health and as stimulants to zestful living that an increasing number of business men are adding lines like this to employment application blanks:

"What is your hobby?"

Just what a prospective employer would make of the extraordinary hobby of one New York woman must always remain conjectural, as she is independently wealthy. A customer of Delman's, swank New York shop, she buys 250 to 300 pairs of shoes annually, houses 1,500 of them in three rooms built specially to hold them, sheds one pair for another dozens of times each day.

*Last week, another Jefferson letter figured in New York courts. The Board of Supervisors of Albermarle County, Virginia, brought suit to recover a bond signed by Thomas Jefferson in 1790 for the marriage of his daughter, alleging the document had been unlawfully removed from county archives by a faithless clerk, sold for $190.

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Sports

LUCKY'S LEGACY, $100,000 HANDICAP

Santa Anita Derby Recalls the Triumphs of Baldwin

Still a healthy bank balance short of boxing's fabulous pots of gold, from which Jack Dempsey's gloved paws extracted $120,000 a minute* during his famous rough-house with Luis Firpo in 1923, the Santa Anita Handicap is the richest horse race in the world.

For galloping a mile and a quarter, the winner earns money for its owner at the rate of $50,000 every sixty seconds. To marvel at the third instalment of a typical American "get-rich-quick" drama, some 50,000 people will mill through the gates of the Arcadia, California, racing-plant this Saturday afternoon, and indulge their own hopes for easy money by wagering upward of $350,000 on a spectacle lasting slightly more than two minutes.

The setting for the only horse-race in the world offering more than $100,000 to its winner is redolent of an earlier, lustier era of luck and high stakes typified by the late Elias Jackson (Lucky) Baldwin, on a part of whose 54,000-acre ranch the elaborately landscaped, $1,250,000 Santa Anita plant was built in 1934.

Golden Gate—Stirred by California gold-rush tales swapped by thick-bearded loungers gossiping around the pot-bellied stove in his Wisconsin grocery store, Baldwin pulled up stakes and headed west. At twenty-five, he was a day laborer in the San Francisco of 1853.

Shrewdly, he parlayed his earnings on unspectacular investments, most of which were a combined hotel and livery stable, and released a craving for showmanship in occasional theatrical ventures. He was on his way to Japan in 1859 to pick up an acrobatic troupe, which he later sold at tremendous profit to Gilbert and Sullivan of light opera fame, when the immense Comstock Lode was struck.

Baldwin had 2,000 semiworthless shares in the near-by Ophir Mine. Overnight, by his own admission, he made $5,000,000. From then until his death in 1909, Baldwin made and lost more millions, fought Indians and mining partners, married four times, and built, in the '80s, one of the greatest of all American racing-stables.

Wins Derby—From his huge Santa Anita ranch, Baldwin shipped Modesty to the old Washington Park track in Illinois in 1884 and astounded Eastern trainers by winning the American Derby from their best horses. The next year he repeated with Volante, won again in 1886 with Silver Cloud, and took the 1888 running with Emperor of Norfolk.

Probably the most famous horse to carry the Baldwin racing-colors of red and black with Maltese cross was Rey el Santa Anita, which in 1894 defeated the unbeaten champion, Domino, in the American Derby at Chicago.

In 1909, horse-racing was banned in California. When it was legalized again, in 1934, California promoters sensed a golden opportunity to establish, on part of Baldwin's old ranch, a race-course whose natural background of the snow-capped Sierra Madre Mountains would rank it in beauty with Saratoga, Hialeah, Goodwood and Palermo. To lure Eastern owners, they designed the Santa Anita Handicap. Only two horses (Whichone, $105,730 in the 1929 Belmont Futurity; Mike Hall, $100,000 in the now-discontinued Agua Caliente Handicap of 1931) have come close to, and none has ever exceeded the $108,400 won by Frederick M. Alger Jr.'s Azucar in the first Santa Anita of 1935.

Hard Ride—Because its pot of gold is definitely luring, the Santa Anita Handicap is likely to provide a hard, tough ride for jockey and mount. And a bad day for favorites. Equipoise, a heavy favorite in 1935, finished seventh in a field of twenty.

In last year's race Top Row crossed in front of Time Supply, Rosemont and Whopper, and galloped home in a driving finish to win $104,600 for Albert A. Baroni, a Nevada wholesale truck-gardener who had picked the horse up in a claiming race for $3,500.

Top Row, suffering from a bad leg, won't be in this year's Handicap, for which eighty-five horses were originally declared eligible. In the revised list of fifty-eight possible starters, of whom not more than twenty will go to the post, only seven ran last February: Time Supply, Rosemont, Whopper, Azucar, Howard, Tick On and Ariel Cross. Time Supply finished second last year, winning $10,000.

Rosemont, whose third in the 1936 Handicap earned $5,000, was cofavored at 8 to 1 in the future books for this year's race with Indian Broom, which took show (third) money in the last Kentucky Derby.

Chanceview—If the Santa Anita track is muddy on race day, many a horse-player will string along with Chanceview, which the youthful Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt purchased mainly for this one event. Chanceview, a five-year-old gelding, is rated a "mud-running fool," and was quoted at 10 to 1 in the future books.

Chanceview's purchase price was not revealed by the young sportsman whose racing-stable, the largest in the United States, led the country in money earned for 1935 ($303,605), and was second ($159,745) to Mrs. Ethel V. Mars's Milky Way Farm ($206,450) last year. But his willingness to invest an estimated $25,000 to $50,000 on the chance of winning a $100,000 race is typical of the attitude of most race-horse owners in the game for pleasure.

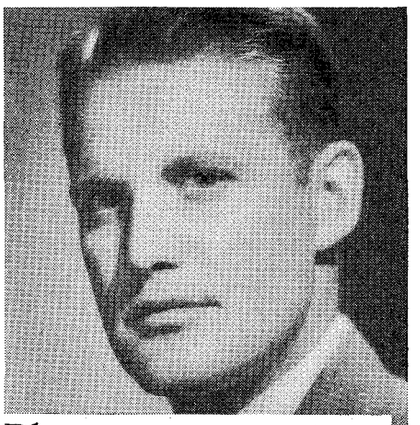
Last year, the owners of racing establishments in this country were shooting for purses and stakes totaling $12,933,890. This year, with such fixtures as the Kentucky Derby raised from $40,000 to $50,000, the Preakness upped from $25,000 to $50,000, and the Wood Memorial and Brooklyn Handicap doubled in value to $20,000, the total prize awards will be much greater.

Returns—But, according to the magazine *Horse & Horseman:*

"If all the race-horse owners had equal luck, they would recover $1 for every $2 spent.

"Indisputable is the fact that those in racing for pleasure stay with the game,

*The fight, won by Dempsey on a knock-out, lasted 3 minutes and 58 seconds. Dempsey's share was $470,000, Firpo's $100,000.



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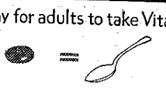

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supply racing with the best horses, become the real builders of the American turf.

"Indisputable, too, is the fact that the members of the profit group seldom last long. With a few exceptions, owners . . . concede a non-profit motive."

Whether an owner breeds his own horses, or buys yearlings or ready-made runners, the chances against making a profit on his string are tremendous. Occasionally, purchasers do find a gold-mine. Jerome H. Louchheim, of Philadelphia, bought Pompoon at the 1935 Saratoga yearling sales for $2,000. Last year, Pompoon won for his owner $82,260, was declared the champion two-year-old of 1936.

Best Winner—Generally, a horse is at its racing prime at three and four years of age. With a few exceptions, such as Exterminator, Equipoise and Sun Beau, it starts slipping at five. Consequently, its money-making worth on the track is concentrated into a very few seasons.

The most money a horse has ever made in a lifetime of racing is $376,744. Sun Beau, now at stud on Willis Sharpe Kilmer's Court Manor farm in Newmarket, Virginia, won that amount in five years, from 1927 through 1931.

Sun Beau raced seventy-four times, winning thirty-three, placing in twelve, and showing in ten. He finished out of the money nineteen times. As a two-year-old he won $1,150. At six, his last and biggest year, he won $110,925.

When Sun Beau was racing, there wasn't any $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap to boost his earnings. But, even with that gold-plated race in existence, a horse's chances to-day of bettering Sun Beau's winnings are virtually hopeless.

First of all, notes Nelson Dunstan in the *Morning Telegraph*, he would have to streak through the most valuable two-year-old or three-year-old events, and then wind up with a victory at Santa Anita. Basing his winnings on the 1936 figures, even that would not be quite enough.

Races—As a two-year-old, he would have to win the Belmont Futurity, then go on, as a three-year-old, to take the Florida Derby, Louisiana Derby, Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont Stakes, Dwyer, American Derby, Travers and Lawrence Realization. All of which, added together on the basis of Pompoon's earnings plus the value of each big three-year-old stake for 1936, would total $268,835.

If, heaped on that, he had also won the Santa Anita Handicap, his earnings for the whole business would be $373,435, or $3,309 short of Sun Beau's record.

Theoretically, a horse could outearn Sun Beau in two years, simply by setting new world records as a two- and a three-year-old money-winner. At two, Top Flight, a filly, earned $219,000. The year before, in 1930, Gallant Fox became the all-time three-year-old money champ by gathering in $308,275. But, with the single exception of Man O' War (1919, 1920), no horse has ever won both the two- and the three-year-old money championships.

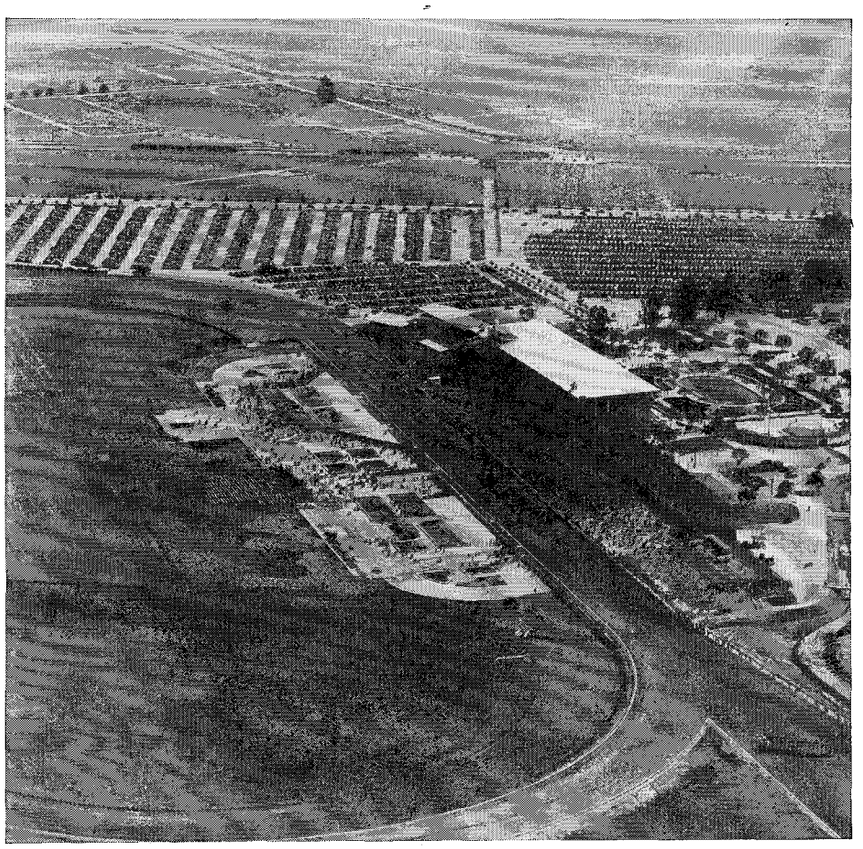
At the end of his second year of racing, Gallant Fox was retired to the stud. Since then he has sired Omaha, champion three-year-old of 1935, and Granville, last year's top money-winner ($110,295). Gallant Fox's stud fee is $1,500.

Aim—The principal aim of sportsmen running the industry is to produce staying power in American-bred horses. Many American horses, they have found, "go wrong" after they are three years old and have to be retired. Possibly the horses are raced too soon and too often, possibly they break down because of the hard racing strips in this country, where the accent is on speed.

To accomplish their desire to produce greater sturdiness in American-breds, breeders have spent huge sums to import foreign blood. Last July a syndicate of Kentucky breeders imported Blenheim II, winner of the 1930 English Derby, for $250,000.

The fastest time ever made for a mile is 1 minute, 34 and 2/5 seconds, set by the famous Equipoise in 1932. Seventy-three horses have done the mile in 1:36 or better.

On January 25, 1936, on the same racing-strip where the handicap speedsters will race for the Santa Anita Handicap, Airflame, a two-year-old bay colt owned by Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, established a new world record of 33 seconds for three furlongs (three-eighths of a mile): an average of slightly better than 45 miles an hour.



Acme

Looking down on the Santa Anita track, where a luring pot of gold awaits the winner

SPORT SHOTS

In March, 1935, Mike Jacobs, a New York boxing promoter, took a party of admittedly skeptical sports writers to Detroit to see a young Negro heavy-weight who, he boasted, "will lick any man in the world." The Negro, Joe Louis, failed to knock out his opponent, Natie Brown, a rugged, clever fighter highly respected as a "spoiler" of better heavy-weight boxers' records.

Last week, in Kansas City, Louis fought the same "spoiler" who involuntarily brought him to the boxing world's attention in 1935. Obviously feeling no gratitude toward the Washington, D. C., Jew, Louis pounded him mercilessly, knocked him out in the fourth round.

His prestige as a second "Old Master in Black" at least temporarily regained, Louis and his managers headed for Chicago, where, barring legal entanglements resulting from Max Schmeling's claim of priority rights, he will meet Jim Braddock on June 22 for the heavy-weight championship of the world.

* * *

Apartment-house tenants and janitors are studying with interest reports from London, England, of a hitherto unknown breed of dog which may want to, but doesn't know how to, bark.

The barkless dogs are Basenjis. They come from the heart of Central Africa. Ten of them were exhibited at the recent Cruft's, largest dog show in the world (this year's entries: 4,332). In spite of their small size (average weight, twenty-two pounds), Basenjis are used in Africa to track lions. Most of them are chestnut red. Occasional cream-colored ones are especially prized along the Congo because "they are like white men."

Their lack of bark isn't the only notable thing about Basenjis. When they are angry, they arch their backs like cats. And when they're dirty, they wash their faces with their paws.

* * *

When the management held out on the usual two complimentary tickets given every player on the squad, the New York Rovers amateur hockey team last week staged a "sit-down strike" in Madison Square Garden while nearly 16,000 cash customers waited impatiently to see them play the Hershey, Pennsylvania, club.

Finally mollified after a half hour of negotiations, the Rovers skated out on the ice, and demonstrated their hurt feelings by trouncing the Hershey team, 6 to 3.

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Off-Side

S O S—A 102-ton Japanese whale-boat was completely routed by a collision with an enormous whale, flashed an S O S she had sprung a bad leak and was sinking. Two steamships rushed to the rescue.

* * *

Marriages—The latest marriage figures in Hungary show that out of 75,905 brides married last year, 3,315 were under seventeen years of age, while 1,325 were over fifty. The latter preferred much younger men, it was shown.

* * *

Mules—Rejuvenation and beautification of aging mules is to be stopped in Arkansas. Henceforth, if a new bill is passed in the Legislature, it will be up to the Governor to allow altering physical features of mules. Traders, it was found, were becoming entirely too expert at filing the animals' teeth, dyeing their gray hairs.

* * *

License—For new license plates for his truck, Ralph Bentley, of Schenectady, New York, paid $43.70. He brought 4,370 pennies in a water bucket to pay the fee.

* * *

Flannels—In the recent cold weather, California's sun-kissed co-eds took to red flannels, according to Palo Alto merchants. Heavy clothing and large supplies of woolly underwear were quickly ordered with the first chilly blasts from the Pacific.

* * *

Passport—"Big Boy," pet of Fletcher Warren, Secretary of the American Legation in Latvia, sailed on the United States liner *Manhattan* bearing a diplomatic passport, complete with photograph and pedigree. The Boston terrier was born at San Antonio, Texas, on Sept. 6, 1934.

* * *

Flowers—A bill was passed by the Hawaiian Legislature making the hibiscus official flower of the Territory. Seven other flowers and a sea-shell were also designated as emblems for the islands.

* * *

Jazz—For one half-hour, prisoners in the Headingly Jail, near Winnipeg, Canada, shouted and yelled when a symphony concert was coming over the prison radio. Stating they wanted jazz, prison officials were compelled to dial from Stravinsky to swing tempo.

* * *

Clocks—Hawaiian clock-checkers protested against rising at 5:30 every morning to set their timepieces right with the 11 A.M. daily time signal at Arlington. They have petitioned Washington to have a special signal which won't reach Honolulu before 9:30 and give a few more hours sleep.

* * *

Slap-Kiss—Because he smacked her on the chin, Mrs. Susan Hardy Kiss of Chicago filed a suit for divorce against Michael Kiss. The slap, she maintained, should be sufficient to separate the two Kisses.

* * *

Feet—In Hungary, "education hurts the feet," according to professors of Debrecan University. They pointed out that in their first year of college activity, 135 out of 265 students developed flatfeet.

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REICH ARMS FACE ECONOMIC TANGLE

Nazis Seek Foreign Loans as Food Rationing Starts

If you were a German business man, say a toy manufacturer in Hamburg, filling an order would require answering 140 government questionnaires as well. If the deal involved bartering your toys for, say foreign wool, you might have to fill in 680 forms, might have to wait eighteen months for a government functionary's sanction. You would find your clerical force devoting 75 per cent. of its working hours corresponding with an army of government overseers. Just now, that army numbers 500,000.

The overseers from the Labor Front would dictate the number of men you employ, their wages and hours, could order you to discharge men so that they might be shifted to other parts of the country.

Overseers from the State Organization of Industry, the Special Boards, the Board of *Devisen* (foreign exchange) would dictate the amount of raw materials you might use, how much you could export, how much substitute material you could mix with imported raw materials. Inspectors from the Advertising Board would peruse all your advertising. If you were in the clothing business, the Fashion Office would have something to say, too. Finally, the Economic District Officer of the Army's General Staff could countermand any Board's order, could put you out of business if he deemed your activities "unnecessary."

"Hideous" — Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht, Germany's economic dictator, admits this state of affairs is "hideous." But "hideous" or not, it must go on. It must go on because Germany under Hitler has been spending an estimated $5,000,000,000 annually on guns, tanks and poison gas. (No official budget has been issued since 1934, but reliable sources estimate that $5 of every $7 in the national budget goes into munitions.) For a nation that can raise only 70 per cent. of its needed foodstuffs and fodder, this sort of spending requires not only regimentation but scraping as well.

Germany is a nation of 65,000,000 people. America has 130,000,000. Yet Germany's budget, estimated at $7,500,000,000, almost ties America's 1937-'38 budget of $8,400,000,000. Against Germany's $5,000,000,000 expenditure for armaments, America spends less than $1,000,000,000. (Incidentally, the highest peace-time expenditure in U.S. history.)

But the United States can raise all of the foodstuffs and fodder it needs, and more. America is also rich in basic metals, in iron ore, copper, cotton, oil, coal. Germany lacks rubber, cotton, copper, tin, oil, foodstuffs—is, as a matter of fact, more dependent on foreign trade than any other great Power. Which means that Germany must import the raw materials it needs and somehow must pay for them. And when a nation in Germany's circumstances decides to sluice almost one-fifth of its national income into raw materials for armaments, it must indeed choose between cannons and butter. (Germany's national income for 1935 is estimated at more than $24,000,000,000.)

This winter, Germany began to ration butter and fats. It also increased its demands for colonies, for raw materials, for credits.

For the Third Reich, credits are not easy to get. Investors the world over feel a twinge in their pocket-book nerve when that subject is brought up. But leaders in trade and finance in Great Britain have persisted in advocating such credits.

With amazement, American newspaper readers scanned rumors a fortnight ago that Sir Walter Runciman, head of England's Board of Trade, had sounded out President Roosevelt concerning an American loan to Germany. American investors, who had traded an aggregate $208,000,000 of savings for German bonds under the Young and Dawes plans, now are receiving only partial interest. Many, despairing of realizing their principal, have sold their holdings at substantial losses. Investors comforted themselves by recalling that the Johnson Act forbids loans to defaulting European countries.

Keystone

Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht: "this state of affairs is hideous"

In England, however, the City (London's Wall Street) clamored for aid to the Reich. A loan to Germany, British financiers argued, would buy off Nazi aggression and furthermore, would save Germany from an internal explosion which could end only in communism.

Last week, the debate grew heated as London's banking community digested the acid analysis of Germany's progress under four years of National Socialism, published by the conservative financial journal *The Banker*.

Survey—*The Banker* had asked men "of some achievement in Germany's military, financial and industrial affairs" to survey their respective fields. This survey they printed anonymously.

The Banker's vitriolic preface to its 103-page analysis dropped like a bombshell into the discussion.

"The Army is now, as it ever has been, the real trustee of the German Nation," *The Banker* began. "The generals will not permit a war in which Germany is almost certain to lose. . . . The German generals have hitherto taken no action in restraint of their Government's explosive foreign policy because they have been repeatedly reassured that it would yield great profit to the Third Reich. They have been told that tho German guns might fail against a combination of Powers, they have another and perhaps more profitable use. They are vital to a policy of blackmail. . . .

"The notion that English money could stem the tide of communism from flowing into Germany is inherently ridiculous. English money is far more likely to be used for the creation of poison gas.

"Apart from the fact that it is contrary to the public interest to grant credits to Germany, the writers of our survey have made it very clear that from the standpoint of the investor, Germany is a bottomless pit."

Why a bottomless pit?

Unsound—For one thing, *The Banker* considers German financing of its huge rearmaments and public works as unsound.

For instance, when an *entrepreneur* builds a railroad or a sky-scraper, he raises funds by issuing long term securities. He does not borrow on a six-month note, because obviously his railroad or building will not yield its construction cost within six months. Yet, paying for railroads and sky-scrapers with six-months notes is precisely what Germany has done. To raise funds for its capital construction or roads, fortifications, armaments, the German Government has choked its banks, insurance companies and corporations with short term, work-creation bills. This floating debt has been estimated at $6,500,000,000. The German national debt is estimated in England at $14,500,000,000, most of it created under Hitler.

How meet these short-term obligations when they become due? In other words, how turn into cash the investment in tanks, battle-ships, and poison gas? The answer is to put the investment to work, *i. e.*, go to war. In order to put this "investment" to work at the greatest efficiency, the German Government has evolved its own brand of economics: *Wehrwirstchaft* (defense economics).

Job—Nazis realize that wars are no longer fought between soldier and soldier, but between factory and factory, between farm and farm. Therefore part of the Government's job under its Defense Economics is to discover to the minutest detail the steps needed to mobilize industry along military lines. The canvass seeks to determine the number and type of machines available, the skilled and unskilled men at work. Each factory now knows how to proceed when mobilization is ordered.

Meanwhile, too, Germany has launched a four-year self-sufficiency plan by which it hopes to produce its own synthetic rubber, aluminum, oil, textiles. In case of war, *The Banker's* informant declares, German military leaders believe that all industrial production for private consumption can be turned off for four to six months and switched to the sole production of war materials. If clothing mills

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shut down, for instance, the population will simply have to get along on what it already has.

Defense Economics have brought German communications into line with military needs. The railroads are coordinated and run with Prussian efficiency.

Collective Farming—In addition, plans are afoot for collective farming when war comes. Peasants now operating two farms would work five; the remainder of manpower could be conscripted. Because agriculture is the keystone in the Defense Economics structure, the peasant's freedom has been restricted. He may not leave his farm.

Defense Economics already can show tangible results. Germany has organized and equipped an army of 785,000 regulars. With reserves, the Germans can muster 1,250,000 men.

In 1934, the Third Reich's Minister of Agriculture proudly proclaimed that Germany was capable of growing its own bread supplies. Now, after four years of striving toward agricultural self-sufficiency, Germany may have to issue bread cards.

The record harvest of 1933 has been used up; Germany is not only importing $400,000,000 less food than in 1932 (the worst depression year), it has actually, according to *Harpers Magazine*, removed 5 per cent. of German grain acreage from cultivation. (To build airdromes, roads, barracks.) Before spring, apparently, Germany will have to import large quantities of bread and ration it to its people.

Curtailment of fodder imports furthermore has precipitated a major national calamity. Chickens and calves have been slaughtered wholesale because dearness of fodder has made it unprofitable to raise them. According to *The Banker*, unless fodder is imported, the decrease of cows and hens in 1937 will be near 25 per cent., which will bring the number of first-class live stock and poultry to the low level it reached at the end of 1916.

Handicaps—If you were a farmer in Germany, you not only would be forbidden to leave your farm, but you could not sell as much as half a dozen eggs to a neighbor; they must be delivered to the Government's egg station. Grain must be delivered to specified depots at specified dates and at specified prices. Failure to do so may mean a treason trial and a headsman's ax.

How about the workman and consumer?

Suppose you were a wage-earner in Germany. Your pay would average 25 marks (about $10) a week. Metal workers earn 44 marks, textile workers, 23. About 5 of your 25 marks would go to various Nazi chests—winter relief, work relief, aviation promotion, Party festivals. Your Government would tell you that unemployment has been reduced to a million, and now numbers only 600,000 more idle men than in prosperous 1929. Nevertheless, you would be told also that you and your fellow countrymen must contribute funds to take care of 12,000,000 to 13,000,000 persons on winter relief.

Your newspapers would point out that machinery factories are working overtime and are four and a half months behind delivery, that automobile production tops 1933 by 125 per cent., that the shipyards are jammed, that metal factories are puffing along twenty-four hours a day.

Yet, unless you were a metal worker, you would find that you were earning 3.2 per cent. less than in 1932. Furthermore, if you took a stroll about the industrial section of your town, you would find that while steel and other heavy industry plants are working three shifts a day, textile mills and other consumers' goods factories are faltering along at a bare twenty-four hours a week. (*Harpers* estimates that capital goods production has jumped 200 per cent. since 1932, but production of consumers' goods—usable and eatable goods—has increased only 15 per cent.)

How about prices?

Your wife would find herself assigned to one retailer (the Russian closed monopoly shop), could buy from him only. Your Government, you would learn, had abolished the wholesaler, and slashed the retailer's profit margin until he could stay in business only by bootlegging food at higher than regulation prices.

While ordinary meat has increased 50 per cent. in price, and fruit and early vegetables have jumped as much as 200 and 300 per cent., your purchasing power, you would find about what it had been at the lowest point of the depression. What you probably would not know is that the standard of nutrition for the country as a whole has decreased about 20 per cent.

Prestidigitator—Berlin wits have said: "Germany is Hitler and Hitler is Doctor Schacht." The willowy banker's chief job has been to scrape together *devisen* (foreign exchange) for raw materials to make munitions. He had to find money as well to relieve unemployment and finance public works. (Among them: two eight-story hotels in Nuremberg for "guests of the Leader," to be used once a year during Party Congresses.)

The head of Germany's Reichsbank already had earned the title of Magician of the Mark by producing a new respected mark from the ashes of the old inflated one. Now he showed what an economist can really do when he is pressed.

(1) He stuffed the banks and insurance companies with short-term notes. (2) The Weimar Republic held many shares in German industry; Doctor Schacht cashed them. (3) He ruthlessly cut down the regular budget. (4) The Nazis passed laws to help him confiscate private property.

Furthermore, Doctor Schacht conceived the idea of buying heavily on credit abroad, then forcing creditors to take German goods in repayment.

Foreign critics have pointed out, however, that colonies will not solve Germany's problem. German colonials, before the War, did not exceed the number of Germans living in Paris. Furthermore, the critics point out, Germany is not actually short of raw materials. This year she imported raw materials as heavily as in 1929. The difference lies in the fact that Germany's current raw material imports are for armaments at the expense of materials for consumption goods. The critics therefore advise Germany to balance her imports so that she can provide her people both with consumption and production goods.

Democratic—Obviously, the Third Reich is loath to do this. By slowing down her rearmament program, she would throw thousands of men out of jobs, and invite an internal explosion.

Doctor Schacht's father admired American democracy so much that he named his son Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht. Doctor Schacht, as a matter of fact, helped

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Paul Wolff from Black Star

Armaments in preference to butter: German munition manufacture bites into national income

to found the German Democratic Party, something he doesn't like to be reminded of now. The Socialists once supported the financier for President, added color to his campaign by whooping:

"Wer hat der Rentenmark erdacht? Der Demokrat Herr Doktor Schacht!"

In 1930, Socialism's fortunes were ebbing. Doctor Schacht turned to Hitler.

Now, at sixty, Schacht has the appearance of a lean, slightly stooped schoolmaster. His stand-up collars are inches too high. His hair is sandy and sparse, and carefully brushed back to conceal a bald spot. Nazi colleagues with whom he is constantly at war dislike and distrust him, take no pleasure in his clammy handshake.

The economic dictator's salary is the equivalent of about $120,000, and he is said to save nine-tenths of it. In Berlin he practically lives at the Reichsbank. Week-ends, he spends with English regularity at his 20,000-acre estate in Guehlen, near Berlin. There he raises pigs, supervises a reforestation project, model dairy.

Schacht as a boy wanted to be a poet. He still likes to give autographs in the form of rhyming epigrams. When he returned from a Mediterranean cruise about ten years ago, he wrote a poetic account of it, had it privately printed and sent it around to his friends.

FOREIGN CAPITAL PERIL:

Washington Is Still Unable to Dam the Flow into America

In Washington last week, President Roosevelt and his chief financial advisers were at grips with the problem of halting the continuing flow of foreign capital into the United States.

Vague outgivings following White House conferences indicated that the solution had not yet been found. After three months of intensive study by the Treasury, the Federal Reserve Board and the Securities Exchange Commission, practical ways and means to limit the menace of an excessive and unwanted payable-on-demand debt to the rest of the world apparently remained obscure.

The President publicly pointed out the menace last November and then announced Administration purpose to curtail it. Most bankers applauded. Alien long-term and short-term credits and investments of one sort or another in the United States aggregate more than $7,000,000,000.

Peril—Such immediate liquidation of these might be precipitated by an outbreak of war in Europe, or by any other threat to world stability, might well spell sudden disaster to the American financial structure. The presence of such funds, unneeded at a time when this country's own reservoirs of unusued credit are overflowing, is an obvious danger.

To discourage continuation of this, and particularly to obstruct its increase, various measures are being considered in Washington and in Wall Street — heavy transfer taxes on securities bought by foreigners; heavy taxes also on profits arising from such purchases and upon the income from the securities bought; requirement of 100 per cent. bank reserves against foreign-owned deposits; regulation of foreign exchange market transactions to make American investments unattractively expensive to the alien capitalist.

Difficulties—In one way or another, all these suggestions and others of similar purpose present difficulties of enforcement or conflict with existing trade pacts and policies. Nevertheless, the Administration is definitely committed to some new form of regulation to modify the increasingly serious menace of what has come to be called "hot money," and what, with world conditions what they are, is a standing peril.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

President Roosevelt called upon Congress last week to enact a Federal crop insurance law along the lines of Secretary of Agriculture Wallace's long-discussed "ever-normal granary" plan. At first the proposed law would apply only to wheat growers. Under it, the farmer, in good crop years, would pay to the Government a premium to insure him three-quarters or more of his normal (average) production, in case of a later bad crop year produced by drought, floods, grasshoppers or other hazards of nature. His premiums would be paid either in wheat or its cash equivalent, and the Government would similarly pay the insurance when necessary in cash or in kind. Details of the plan remain to be worked out and announced. It is all but certain, however, that the present session of Congress will produce the legislation and that its extension to other major farm products will follow.

* * *

In Philadelphia last week, a venerable investment banking and brokerage firm celebrated its centennial. With pride, E. W. Clark & Co. pointed to its hundred years of activity in the financing and development of American railroads, banks and utility companies. With even greater pride, it emphasized the fact that seven of its present eight partners are direct descendants of Enoch White Clark, its founder. Famous Jay Cooke was once a clerk in its office, was later a partner before he went on to finance government loans and the subsequent building of the Northern Pacific Railroad. In America, centenarian banking firms are not numerous, yet Wall Street can boast a few. Speyer & Co. and August Belmont & Co., both outgrowths of old European houses, will reach the 100-year mark this year. Roosevelt & Son was founded forty years earlier. Brown Brothers & Company, which has now added Harriman to its name, had its beginning in 1818. Whitehouse & Company, of which Charles R. Gay, President of the New York Stock Exchange, is now senior partner, dates from 1828. Lawrence Turnure & Company was organized in 1832. The firms of Dillon, Read & Company and Mackay & Company derive from the old house of Vermilye & Company, which was founded more than a century ago.

* * *

To say that this or that "isn't worth a *sou*" now means that it isn't worth one-fourth of an American cent. Soon, unless metal prices drop, it may signify an even smaller valuation. Last week, the French Government indicated that it may withdraw the five-*centime* piece—the *sou*—from circulation. Reason: It now costs seven *centimes* to mint it. The *sou* has great age. In the days of the Emperor Constantine, it was a gold coin. In France, under Charlemagne and his successors, it became a silver piece. Before the French Revolution, it became copper. Later, when France adopted the metric system, the *sou* became a half-*decime*, or five-*centime* piece. During the World War, it all but disappeared. Last year, France called in all copper coins and allowed only a few nickel *sous* with holes in their centers to remain outstanding.

* * *

Almost unnoticed and with no new ballyhoo to help them, United States Government "baby bonds" have lately climbed to unexpected popularity among small American investors. Since they were first offered to the public in March, 1935, sales have aggregated about $862,000,000 maturity value. Sales in January, 1937, however, totaled $130,000,000, and it is now indicated that the Treasury will dispose of at least $1,000,000,000 per annum henceforth. Already, therefore, they are being counted upon as a dependable factor in the Government's financings.

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Mail

(Continued from page 1)

all patients in each city could be assembled in one spot and all physicians of the city assembled at the same spot with complete facilities for medical service available in such places. Actual investigations show that the hours worked by physicians in various localities run between ten and twelve hours a day. . . .

Your article says, "One reliable survey estimates that forty-seven per cent. of the people in the lowest income groups received no medical or dental service whatever." Presumably this reference is to the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care whose survey, whether reliable or not, showed that forty-seven per cent. of the entire population reported no illness in the average year, and therefore had no need for medical service.

"Highly trained physicians and nurses go on relief; in 1933 there were 400 doctors on relief in Chicago alone." When this story was first circulated, an inquiry to the administrators of relief revealed exactly two physicians who were on the rolls. . . . Harry L. Hopkins found only 675 physicians, surgeons and dentists who were on relief in the United States up to the end of 1936. . . .

Your article says, "Essentially, health insurance is not a system of medical practise at all." Practitioners under every insurance system abroad testify that nearly all phases of medical practise are modified or disturbed by the operation of these systems, and that almost invariably the interference tends toward lessening the quality of medical service rendered.

Your article says, "but the doctor soon learns that overhead expenses eat up a good fifty per cent. of his gross income." Numerous accurate studies place this at about forty per cent.

Your article says, "at least two State Medical Societies have opposed the Association's stand on health insurance, and the American College of Surgeons in 1934 came out in vigorous opposition." . . . The two medical societies have since that time reversed their attitude and the American College of Surgeons does not favor compulsory health insurance but has, to some extent, indorsed hospital insurance.

Your article says, "most European plans provide the services of physicians, nurses, hospitals, pay for some medicines." . . . Few plans provide either nurse or hospital service, altho these are sometimes furnished by government-subsidized institutions.

"There would be no compulsion for physicians to enroll in the panel." The only compulsion would be starvation if they did not enroll, since the Epstein Bill . . . would include under either its voluntary or compulsory provisions nearly the entire population.

Chicago, Illinois.

Reports of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, some of whose conclusions are accepted by the A. M. A., others disapproved, furnish much of the pro and con ammunition on the controversial health insurance question. Extent of unemployment among physicians was taken from the Committee's findings for 1929. WPA headquarters in New York City reported 343 doctors, surgeons and dentists on relief rolls as of January 15, 1937. Government subsidy is a part of many foreign health insurance plans, in that not all costs are contributed by the insured; general taxation probably would contribute a portion of U. S. health insurance costs, is a powerful argument of opponents. In England, seventy per cent. of all physicians are members of the panel, each limited to a list of 2,500 patients each at 9 shillings a year (aside from their private practise income).—*Editor.*

By ALLEN D. MANUEL—

Hearty applause for the author of your unbiased, informative and scholarly article on health insurance.

Would you be interested in an added note? The first national health insurance law in America was passed in 1798 after a Congressional investigation begun at the suggestion of President Washington. Under that original Act, sailors on naval, Coast Guard and merchant vessels were taxed 20 cents a month apiece. The funds were used to provide hospital and medical care for seamen in all important American ports.

The system continued until 1884, when contributions were abolished and revenue for hospitalization was raised through tonnage taxes. The earmarking of the funds was stopped during the Spanish-American War. Now, sailors on American ships receive care in Federal Marine Hospitals supported by regular appropriations. Springfield, Illinois.

By DR. HENRY E. PERRY, President of the Michigan State Medical Society—

We should like to know who or what inspired, in your article on Socialized Medicine, January 30 issue, the statement: "At least two State Medical Societies (Michigan and California) have opposed the association's stand on health insurance."

The Michigan State Medical Society is not now and never has been in favor of socialized medicine or compulsory sickness insurance. In 1934, its Committee on Medical Economics presented a mutual health service plan to the House of Delegates of the State Society as a committee report—upon which no action was taken.

Since 1931, the Michigan State Medical Society has sponsored studies costing $20,168.96 *designed to perfect both the distribution of* medical care and its high quality. From its comprehensive surveys, it can find no existing evidence of comparable data to show that a socialized medicine system would work in Michigan. But it has discovered such a program would be deficient in quality, as demonstrated abroad, where socialized medicine is known as "second class" service.

Physicians have an obligation to maintain the *quality* of medical care.

Lansing, Michigan.

To the Michigan State Medical Society, apologies for implying opposition to the A. M. A. on health insurance. No such stand has officially been taken; the mutual health service plan mentioned by Doctor Perry has, however, aroused differences of opinion within the society, has never come to a vote before the House of Delegates, was referred to as an indication that doctors are not uniformly agreed on methods of meeting medical costs.—*Editor.*

By DR. E. LEE MYERS—

I wish to commend heartily the article, "Surgery Applied to Medical Costs." This article is one of the finest I have ever read; it is fair and complete.

The Literary Digest has become, in my opinion, the finest newsmagazine on the market. I am indeed sorry that I am not on your list, that I discontinued my Digest in favor of *Time*. But in the near future, I shall be back in the fold. St. Louis, Missouri.

Tax

By W. H. WILCOX—

Your recent article, "No Rest for the Weary Taxpayer," was exceptionally worth while and well written. It should be reprinted by the billions (to use New Deal figures) and furnished at cost to millions of taxpayers who would gladly enclose it in all envelops mailed. It would certainly help toward the organization of a national taxpayers' league to work not only against the rapid increase of taxes, but for their reduction.

Tacoma, Washington.

Thanks

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER—

Thank you so much for that swell review on "Here's to Crime." It makes a guy feel like he's really done something.

Sebring, Florida.

Transient Camps

By FRED BOYD—

A transient camp, to a great many people, means nothing more than a home for the hobo. But all people who ride in freight trains and stay in transient camps are not hobos, and these camps were not started for bums. They were started to feed, clothe and shelter men and women who were seeking employment and had no means of support *until they could find a job.*

For two years, I wandered around this country, like thousands of other homeless men. Some of us were seeking employment, others were seeking thrills, and some were just plain bums. But most of us jumped at a job when we could find one. We were willing to work, and worked hard for our one dollar or three dollars a week. We have built roads and parks and many other things that are useful to our country. We want to earn an honest living. We are *not a bunch of shiftless* tramps as we have been referred to.

Camp Sandia, Alameda, New Mexico

Centenary

By GERTRUDE V. BRUYN, Field Secretary Mount Holyoke College—

One of the projects in connection with the Centenary of Mount Holyoke College to be held this May is the presentation of gifts to the *Mary E. Woolley fund in memory* of alumnae who have died. While this office has alumnae histories, it does not have complete information with regard to the children or grandchildren of the early graduates of the seminary or college. We shall appreciate any information regarding any graduates or former students which their sons and daughters or grandchildren may care to give us.

South Hadley, Massachusetts.

Did You Know—

That the horse that wins the Santa Anita Handicap in California will earn its owner $50,000 a minute? (See page 33.)

That an English pottery-maker's son is responsible for reviving the demand for hand-blown glass in America? (See page 26.)

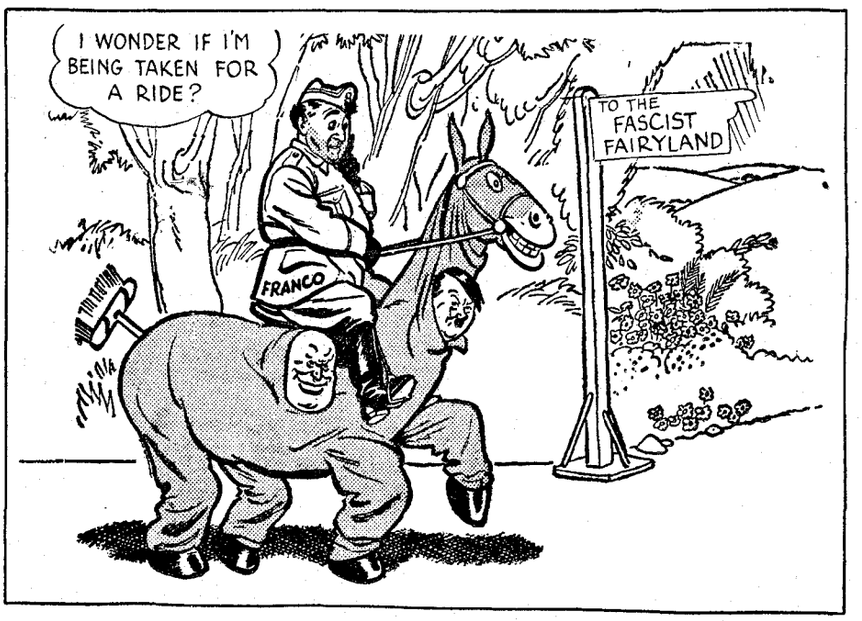
That nine out of ten persons in the United States *are suffering from foot* defects to-day? (See page 17.)

That in the fifteenth century the English used to seize men and boys on the streets to sing in vested church choirs? (See page 24.)

That an advertising expert "sold" a New Jersey church so well that it wiped out all debt, doubled attendance and built on an addition? (See page 21.)

That tears destroy certain microbes in the air, thus serving as a valuable antiseptic? (See page 20.)

That German business men must fill out an average of 140 government forms in connection with every transaction, are responsible to an army of 500,000 Nazi overseers? (See page 36.)



"THE GREAT EUROPEAN PANTOMIME SEASON"

—From Glasgow Record

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BETWEEN the LINES

All sides of every question have been presented by THE LITERARY DIGEST *for forty-seven years. It takes time and money to ban bias from news-magazine columns, but it took time and money to perfect new gadgets for hunting oil* (see Page 18), *too.*

Americans are better informed than any others of the earth's inhabitants. Since the days of New England's town meetings and Maryland's and Virginia's hundreds, free citizens have freely gnawed every contentious political bone.

Current proposals to shear the Supreme Court's whiskers kite voters' blood pressures. Not since Prohibition has a topic of the day been bandied so hotly; even last fall's election failed to stir up such a bubbling brew.

News-reel cameramen began interviewing passers-by, slapping their views on sound-tracked celluloid. At a tony New York cinema where audiences had sat stolidly silent during the autumnal political tangle there were *boos, hisses, cheers and rataplan of palms,* smacked together, for individualists, be they rugged or ragged.

An ascetic-looking Senator, well over the Biblical three score and ten with thinning white hair, talking into camera and microphone, would have smiled wryly could he have listened to what the wife of a DIGEST editor overheard in the theater:

"Simpleton," groused a gray-shocked oldster, "if the Supreme Court is nullified, his job will go next; no Court, no Senate, then no liberty."

Every Digester pitched in getting reactions to the story of a decade. Telegraph keys clacked and radio transmitters hummed flashing queries to the four corners of this continent and seven nations elsewhere.

Sample of one hour's grist: Seven dispatches to political leaders, twenty-six to lawyers, four to judges, forty-six to bishops and heads of churches, eight to labor-union leaders, seven to newspapers and twenty-two to motion-picture theaters. Back flashed hundred-word replies.

Three Senatorial leaders, pro, neutral and con, wired 750 words apiece. Bureau representatives in Washington, Chicago and Detroit sounded public opinion from editorial desks and men in the street. At the Capitol, United Press "leg-men" button-holed Congressmen, put point-blank questions, searching questions, as to their exact stand on the most controversial issue since Federal dry agents began smashing speakeasy doors with axes.

Result: For three weeks, the news-magazine that began printing both sides of every question half a century ago has kept its readers in electric touch with the chief debaters in a nation-wide argument.

It takes skilled experience to do that.

The Literary Digest

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Shh!—"I knew your father, he was a spy in the mint."

"What! A mint spy?"—*Everybody's Weekly (London).*

Gift—SAILOR: "Honey, I've brought something for the one I love best Guess what?"

"A box of cigars."—*The Leatherneck.*

It's Perfect—"Is that hair tonic any good?"

"Say, I spilled some of it on my comb last week and now it's a brush."—*Capper's Weekly.*

Ow!—MOTORIST (to man he just ran over): "Hey, look out back there!"

DEFEATED SOUL: "What's the matter, y'ain't comin' back, are ya?"—*The Earth Mover.*

And Still Hungry—"What is a cannibal, Tommy?"

"I don't know."

"Well, if you ate your mother and father, what would you be?"

"An orphan."—*The Watchword.*

Always Belittlin'—A popular referee was at a charitable boxing display, and appeared for the first time in evening clothes When the first bout was due, he went into the ring and, with arms outstretched, turned slowly to secure silence.

As a deep hush settled over the audience, a cockney cried out; "It fits all right, Bert, what about buying it?"—*Montreal Star.*

Show Me—"Can't you see that sign?" asked the conductor. "It says 'No Smoking'."

"Sure, Cap'n, but blast me, half of them are nutty. Pipe that one on the starboard, 'Wear Princess Claire Corsets.' Show me yours and I'll quit smokin'."—*Columbia Jester.*

Closer to the Scissors—"Some one throw an ax at you?"

"Nope, got a hair-cut."

"Well, sit higher in the chair next time."—*Columbia Jester.*

Time!—A visitor to the nut house was trying to find out the right time. . . . He had to catch a train. . . . His watch had stopped and he hurried into the office. . . . No one was there but an inmate. . . . The visitor looked at the wall clock.

"Is that clock right?" he asked.

"Don't be silly," the nut replied in disgust, "If that clock was right, d'ya think it would be here?"—*W. S. Farnsworth in the New York Journal.*

Shylock!—Two Broadwayites sat in a restaurant. At the end of the meal, one requested a loan.

"Can I borrow twenty bucks for a week?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the other, counting out the money.

As they arose, the latter man spoke again.

"Remember," he reminded, "that's only for a week."

The borrower turned a livid red.

"You'll get your money," he screamed, "stop hounding me!"—*Mark Hellinger in the New York Daily Mirror.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Bolduan—health educator—call him *bul'doo-ahn (bul* of *bulb)*

Cathles—President, North American Reassurance Company — as a lisper would say *castles: cathls*

Cheney — of the silk family — he, Charles, says *chee'ney*, not *chay'-ney.*

Gina Cigna—Metropolitan soprano—*gee'na* (hard *g*) *chee'nya.*

Credle — writer and speaker — she says, "like the baby's *cradle.*"

Faulhaber—German Archbishop—as if spelled *fowl'hah-ber.*

Kerrl—German Minister for Church Affairs—*e* as in *prey.*

Resor—advertising executive—rimes with *freezer* or *tweezer.*

Schevill — portrait-painter—he says *shè-vill', e* of *get.*

Tatarescu—Rumanian Premier—*a's* broad: *tah-tah-res'coo.*

Slips That Pass in Type

To-day, the tiny, two headed Warburton helps entertain millions—with a pair of scissors.—*Santa Ana (Calif.) paper.*

He doesn't need the scissors.

The Women's Home Missionary held its meeting, January 13, at the home of Mrs. J.—— A.——, Mrs. D.——, assisint ghostess.—*Dodge City (Kan.) paper.*

They played spectral bridge using psychic bidding.

The bureau seeks to speed orientation of new students and to aid all students of the college in preparing for vacations for which they are fitted.—*Minneapolis (Minn.) paper.*

They're probably not fitted for much else.

When P.——— was dragged unconscious from the cake he was bleeding profusely from his wounds.—*Los Angeles paper.*

All battered up?

PRIVATE party sacrificing large jewelers' safe, formerly occupied by Government.—*Chicago paper.*

My, how we've grown.

CHAUFFERUS available for diving by hour, day, week.—*Pittsburgh paper.*

If that's the sort of thing you like.

Montana Farmers Turn To Horses, State Officer Says.—*Birmingham (Ala.) paper.*

Strange doings in the Wild West.

More snow to-day was keeping Central Washington apple growers away from their work, but not so with mother sheep; they kept right on bearing lamps.—*Wenatchee (Wash.) paper.*

Nothing seems to disconcert them.

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